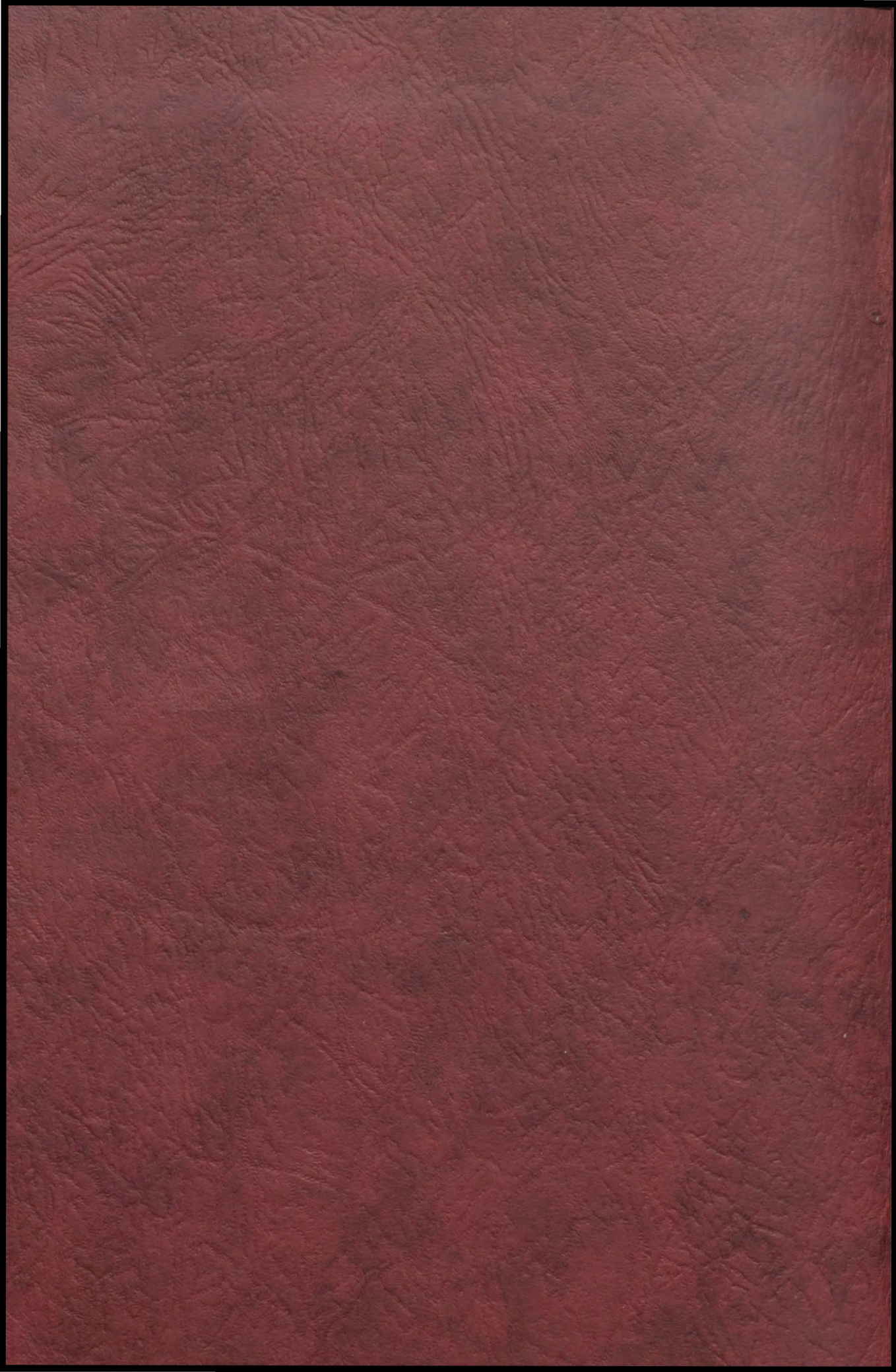






MARINER











# MARINER

1925

*The Book That is Different*



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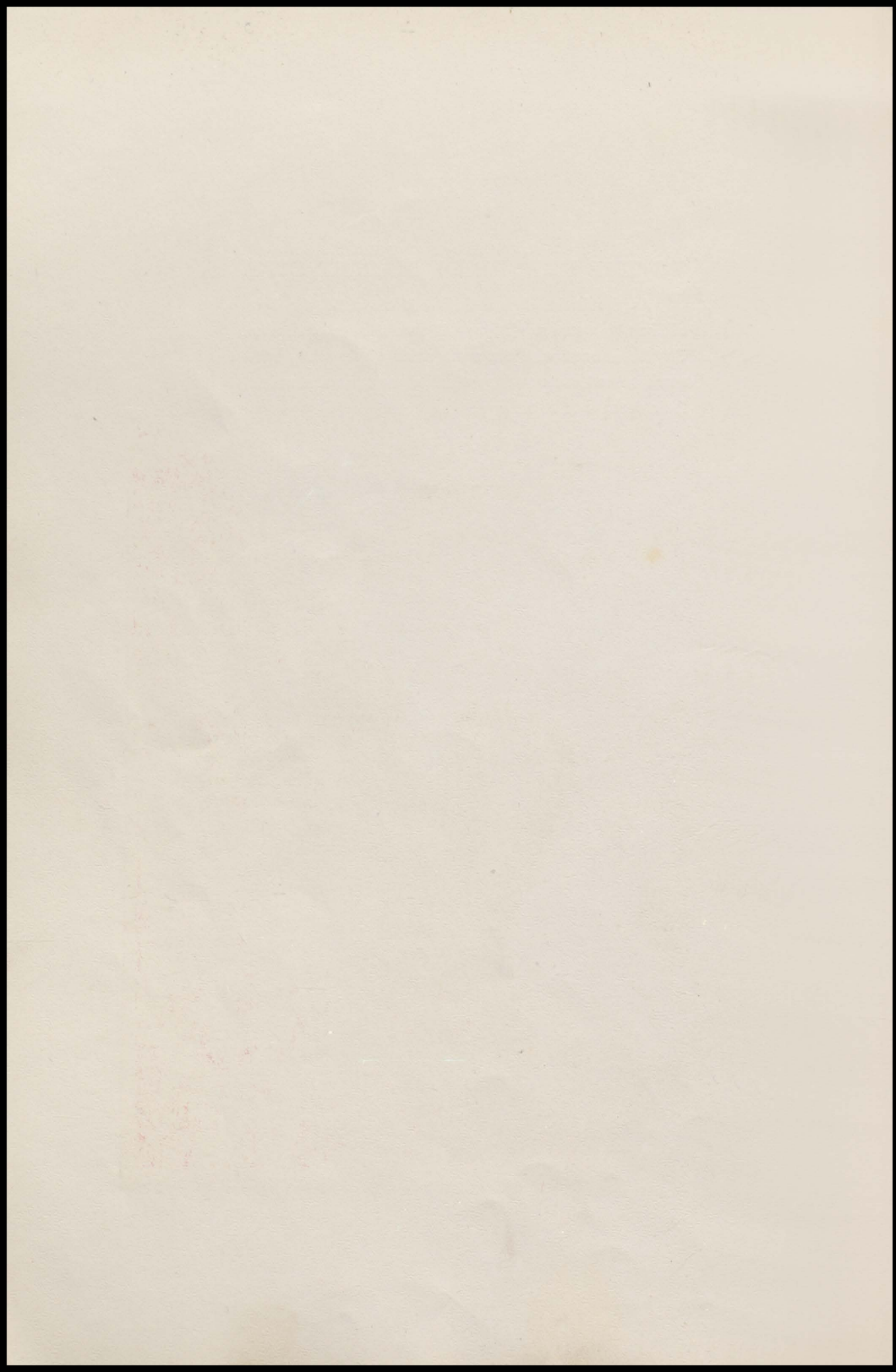


## TO THE FUTURE OF MARINE CITY

As the Indian father dedicated his child, the best of himself, a superb gift, may all true citizens of Marine City be imbued with the same spirit of devotion, self-sacrifice and consecration, which alone can substantiate their dreams of a better Marine.









## EDITORIAL

The merchants of this city have shown a noteworthy spirit of co-operation with the Senior class by sponsoring the pages of the "Mariner." By putting their stamp of approval on the "Mariner" as an advertising medium, they have shown that they believe in a bigger, better Marine City, and that they stand back of the slogan, "Boost Marine." This support has, in a large measure, made the "Mariner" a success and even a possibility.

The Senior class and the school in general owe the merchants of this city a debt of gratitude, and they here attempt to give their sincere thanks to those who aided them in their enterprise. But thanks alone cannot repay in full the debt we owe them. "Loyalty to whom loyalty is due," should be our motto. They have been loyal to us, and in return we should show our loyalty by patronizing them to the fullest extent whenever possible.

*Reuben Prange.*



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## MARINE ON THE ST. CLAIR

*By Edith G. Kessel*

I left Detroit at noon for Marine City, arriving here at two in the afternoon on oh, such a sweltering day! I had nearly fainted from the heat twice on my way up.

Leaving the interurban station and strolling south on Water street for one block, my eyes were caught by the grateful expanse of Edison Park at the foot of Washington street. Nearly suffocated with the heat, I went down and perched myself on a cozy bench in the shade near the river. Oh, what a change! A wonderful breeze was coming off the water, and I uttered a sigh of relief and said, "This is surely heaven."

As I sat there beside the sparkling water, devouring the refreshing breeze, I was suddenly aware of another's presence. Upon looking up I noticed a kindly-looking old man, who asked me if I was a stranger in town; I told him, yes, that I was, and I complimented him upon being so lucky as to live in this paradise of coolness and beauty.

"Yes," he replied, "it is a wonderful little place to live in, and I should be lost living in any other. I used to hear my grandfather telling stories of the country which is now Marine City. It is not so very long ago that our Marine City was just a dense forest, our paved streets mere Indian trails, our large, comfortable homes and prosperous places of business only log huts. It has been only about one hundred and twenty years since the Indians were sending flint arrows carelessly in the direction of the settlers. When you went for a stroll in those days you were kept busy dodging behind trees playing hide and seek with the little Iroquois Indians. There were about sixteen different tribes along the St. Clair; a few of them were Hurons, Algonquins and Iroquois, all of whom helped to make the pioneers excellent sharp-shooters. Hostility did not last long, however, for the settlers and Indians finally became very friendly.

"There was one woman here who did a great deal to help Marine City. No doubt, you have heard of her. She was Emily Ward. She has a history attached to her name that will last as long as there is a memory of this city. Her mother died when she was ten years old. She at once took the responsibilities of house-keeping upon her little shoulders, and a greater task, that of raising her two younger sisters and a brother. Her brother, as well as everyone else, considered her above all others in knowledge, and he would, later, never enter into any project unless he consulted Emily. She had a dauntless will, a wise head, a heart true and tender, and the magnetic power of a strong personality, which gave her a large influence.

"She had many proposals of marriage, and here is a true statement from her: 'There wasn't an old widower for miles around, whose first or second or third wife had left him with a family of ten or twelve children, and who wanted a woman to be a slave to him and a servant to his progeny, but what came over and wanted to marry me. I uniformly declined the honor, however. I really didn't have time to get married, as I was quite busy bringing up my adopted children.'

"She had a way of making children do just what she wanted them to do. Her way of bringing up children was a homely old New England way. She believed in making children work, and she didn't believe in what she called "gadding about."



"Here is an instance which shows you she was a courageous woman. One day a band of Saginaw Indians, in their war paint, suddenly came into the house when every man in the settlement, save one cripple, was gone to a town miles away. They demanded whiskey, then kept in every cabin, even by men, like her father, who never drank it. She put her hand through the latch of the door where the liquor was kept, then armed herself with a broomstick, and struck stoutly all who came near. The chief said, in their tongue, which she understood, 'Leave her to me; I'll put her to sleep.' This she knew meant her death, but she looked him steadily in the eye, stood firm and called to her sister outside: 'Go and call the men,' which strategem led the Indians, after brief consultation, to leave in haste. She knew if they found the whiskey that all of them would be murdered. This is only one of the numerous acts in which she played the part of a true heroine. She established an Academy, the first in this part of the country, in Marine City, thus pioneering in the cause of higher education as well. It is not every town that can boast of a heroine such as Emily Ward.

"The Union school house was built in 1870, for \$15,000, on the site of the Emily Ward private Academy and of the present high school. The first principal was George R. Whitmore. The building was 60 ft. in length by 58 ft. in width, with a total elevation from the ground to cupola of 77 ft. in three stories. The edifice was built in the form of the Greek cross, from designs by Benjamin S. Horton. The mason work was performed by Stephen Mitig of St. Clair, and the joiner work by George Langell, of Marine City.

"Ship building was one of the leading industries of this time, 1870, and Marine City still holds this honor. You see boats made at the McLouth shipyard in many of the big lake ports today.

"On December 14, 1874, the Marine City Stave Company was incorporated. This was a great success, and for many years a thriving industry. It was located down on the point. There was also a general store connected with the mill, where people could purchase everything from tooth-picks to furniture. Then at the foot of Main street was a lumber yard owned by Curtis and Lester. They had the ten hour working day and paid \$1.00 a day for labor. Here they made the hand-hewn masts for many of the sailing vessels.

"On July 22, 1882, it was revealed to the people of Marine City that they had a salt well that was second to none in the country, and unquestionably the best in Michigan at that time. There were other salt wells discovered later—the Wonsey-Davison Block and Lester-Roberts Block. The latter burned in 1907. Marine City can still boast of a salt block. It is called the Michigan and is situated in the southern part of the city.

"The Reporter" was founded by Messrs. Blood and Huntoon. In 1882 the office passed into the hands of W. W. Miller. The present editor is Frank Sutton. Before the "Reporter" there was the "Gazette" in 1874, and the editor was P. D. Bissell. Later on the "Marine City Express" was published by the St. Clair Republican—and more recently the "Independent," published here.



"When a person strolls up Main street his attention is called to the Waterworks building. This large red-brick edifice was built in 1884 and still stands firmly. It will be well not to visit the place right at the noon hour, because the building contains a whistle that emits the most unearthly wails as the clock on the waterworks shelf registers the hour of twelve. It also acts as a fire alarm, and then, too, at 9 o'clock at night, the time when little children should be home, it wails the doomed hour when all play must cease.

"The village was now growing steadily. Then a way for quicker and better travel came when the D. U. R. was introduced. The franchise was bucked by "Old Timers," because they didn't want their land crossed by the intruding engine. Before the D. U. R. came to Marine City the people travelled by stage coach. The roads were terrible, and many times the carriages have been mired to the hubs on Main street."

I had been listening to the talker for a couple of hours. These are only a few of the numerous and interesting things about Marine City that he told me. He asked if I would like to look the town over. I gladly accepted. We visited about every business place in town, and I was delighted at the air of prosperity they displayed. Of all the places I visited one of the most interesting was the Marine City High School. They had a lovely new building with all modern equipment and an industrious assembly of students.

As we were leaving the building the funniest old rattle trap of a Ford was coming down the street. It was a 1925 model and looked as though it had been through many wars. I laughed, as it was surely a funny sight. My informant then said, "If you think that funny, I wish you could have seen the first automobile that came to Marine City. It was a one-cylinder Oldsmobile and was owned by W. F. Sauber. When it came down the street it sounded almost as bad as a threshing machine.

"Speaking of Mr. Sauber," he went on, "he was the founder of the Marine City sugar factory. It was a refining factory. The expense was so great that it closed down for awhile, only to be opened again, but the second attempt also failed."

It was now time for me to return to the city. Leaving Marine, I noticed the noble bridge spanning the swift, deep and treacherous Belle river—a structure famous for the length of time it took to build—begun in 1922, finished two years later.

When asked what I think about Marine City I always answer, "It is one of the nicest little spots on earth. It is a paradise where people may live in beautiful homes, with wonderful lawns and flowers; where one may go boating, fishing and swimming and indulge in all such sports to his heart's content." Such is "Marine on the St. Clair."

—By Edith G. Kessel.



## MARINE CITY AS IT USED TO BE

(An Interview With Mrs. John Hawthorne)

*By Ruth May*

"Aunt Emily" Ward was born in 1829. She was probably a young girl in her teens when she moved here from Ohio. When Mrs. Hawthorne, then three years old, moved to Marine City (then Newport), "Aunt Emily" Ward was in the neighborhood of fifty. She was a large, masculine-looking woman, with three little curls hanging down over her shoulders; the rest of her hair was done up in a little knot on the back of her head. She dressed very plainly. The story is told that she made the laborious voyage to Detroit in a print dress and sunbonnet.

The Wards owned a shipyard extending along the water front from where Henry Holland now lives, to Cottrell's dock. Their sawmill was where Dr. McLean's house now stands. The land since washed away then extended out three lots. Mrs. Holland's father was the manager of the sawmill. The workmen rafted the logs down Belle River and up St. Clair to the mill, where they were arranged in a "boom." A boom is a "fence of logs" made by chaining them together. An iron car the size of a railroad repair car rolled down the incline. The raftsmen, who wore spikes in their shoes, then loaded a log onto the car, which also was provided with spikes to hold the log in place; the car was then hauled up the slope and the logs saved.

The Wards also owned a store—grocery, dry goods and shoe store combined. Up stairs pillow-cases, towels, tablecloths, mattresses, etc., were made. Aunt Emily Ward superintended the sewing. Of course, it was hand-sewing. It was conducted something like this: the linen was stamped in this room, a dozen or more stamped pieces given to each woman in the "factory," who then took them home and overcast them by hand. They were then returned to the factory and inspected by the Superintendent, Aunt Emily Ward.

The Wards owned also the two blocks from Water to Main and St. Clair to Union. The house where Mr. Roach and Mr. Hanks now reside was part of her house, and the green house where Smiths and Bells now live, was part of the same house. Her barn was located where the Hose House now stands.

Aunt Emily Ward was mother to everyone in Marine. She brought up five children left by her brother, and the children left by her sister. She adopted nearly all the orphans about town. All told, it is said that she raised, or helped start in life, fifty-seven people. All have made their mark in the world, among whom are Chris. Ogden, who is General Superintendent of the Milwaukee Iron Company, and Theobald Ogden, who is a lawyer and was for twelve years a Congressman from Wisconsin. She also raised the Brindall girls (the husband of one is now living in St. Clair), and the Owen girls.

Aunt Emily Ward taught the academy, whose site was where the big school now stands. This was a private school of about one hundred pupils, all told. A parent had to secure her permission before his child could be sent. Certain of the workingmen's children were excluded because even then the pioneers did not feel willing to allow their children to play or associate with the "lower class." Her niece, Miss Brindall, gave music lessons before and after school hours, on the school piano on the platform.



Aunt Emily Ward's house was like a palace—at least so thought the children. A fine garden, a strawberry patch were by the house. Her brother, Eber Ward, was a rich man and kept her supplied with the pecuniary necessities for running the household on such a vast scale.

Fishing was one of the chief industries. Aunt Emily Ward said that many times after teaching school all day she would go down to the fishery and scale fish.

As I have said before, Aunt Emily Ward was a mother to everyone in Marine. When anybody was sick, she was the first to be there. In the days when doctors were a luxury, she was doctor and nurse combined. Children as well as older people were always welcome at her home. Just before the Civil War she moved to Fort St., Detroit. The annual outing to Detroit to visit Aunt Emily Ward there was the "thrill of a life-time."

We will now take a brief survey of the hamlet as it was in the "fifties." There were no sidewalks—only planks, and the children going barefooted sadly felt the need of both shoes and sidewalks. It is said that people would walk to town barefooted, wash their feet in Belle River and then put on their shoes before entering the "metropolis"; all this so as to save shoe-leather.

The only kind of light was candles. Mrs. Hawthorne well remembers when the family bought their first oil lamp. The children were cautioned to beware the lamp as they would a dangerous animal. The only means of conveyance was by horse and buggy, wagon, or oxen. The rides on the first street cars—pulled by horses—was an epoch-making event.

When Mrs. Hawthorne moved here the family and furniture were transported on a scow, which landed at Roberts' Landing, then Haywood's, for there was then only a shift at Marine for cross-water traffic. They were forced to live three weeks in a ware-house because no houses were available, and the few that were were mostly shacks. Finally they secured a house which was where the Odd Fellow Hall now stands. Marine was then but a hamlet, and even then all the people were congested in a very small area, and empty houses were scarcer than diamonds.

It was all woods beginning where Capt. John McDonald now lives on Westminster. Much of the land had not yet been cleared off. There were woods and woods everywhere. The boats were made out of wood and carried wood. In fact, WOOD made Marine City.

Where the stone road of Backus Ave. now runs was the plank road, which ran over and met the bridge. A toll gate was at the end of the bridge, and more than death took its toll. On the other side of the river was a marsh. Here much game abounded—turkey, pigeons, squirrels by the crock-fuls! The captured wild meat was salted, for there were no meat markets in those days.

But all was not work; there were memorable picnics and 4th of July celebrations, at which barrels and barrels of lemonade were drunk (not to say what else). The woods teemed with game, and wild flowers sprang up everywhere.



And about the Indians? Oh, they were harmless enough; indeed they were quite sociable! If they came calling (and they didn't knock politely at the door; you might be reading or stirring a cake and look up to see one peeking in the window), and you didn't gorge them with doughnuts, they would call you "nigy"—stingy. Sometimes they would stay all night and "bunk" on the floor.

'Twas a simple life then. Medicine was made of herbs gathered in the woods and dried in the attic. There were no water works; water was carried from the river, but then the water was not polluted by factory towns up the river. There was no mayor; a president held that honor. The Wards really made the town, and ran it. The auditorium was the First Methodist Episcopal Church and all the town stopped working to help raise the church. The people all lived and worked together—like one big family. There was a surprising lack of hard feelings and enmity. They did not have much of this world's goods, but what they had more than sufficed.

Would you like to hear about how loyally Marine City stood by the cause of the Union during the dark days of the Civil War? A Methodist minister, Carlton by name, recruited a company of soldiers from here, but later when marching under a bridge a loose plank fell and beheaded him. He accomplished the miraculous feat of raising a company in twenty-four hours. Excitement was rampant. Patriotic companies were organized who with lights on their caps, dubbed "wide-awakes," paraded the streets with fife and drums. You would think from their talk that they were going to go South and whip the rebels over night. Young boys enlisted, so young that some of them later literally died of home-sickness. Everybody was down at the docks to see the leave-taking. Men were stationed on the border between Canada and the U. S. to prevent rebels from coming across. You see, Canada was Southern in sympathy, and furnished money and supplies to the South. (On the other hand, many Canadians joined the Northern forces.) But, worst of all, many Union men enlisted, grabbed their bounty, and skipped over the border to Canada. At home the women did the hard work—plowing, hauling timber, and heavy barn work. One woman resting from hauling timber was knitting socks for the soldiers as she rested. In Red Cross work they lacked modern sanitary conveniences. The women scraped linen, and used the lint as a sort of cotton batting to be made into bandages. The men who served from here now living are Charles Basney, Charles Farmon, William Kiddle, August Horn, Alex Stern, John Kuhn, Jerry Hyatt, George Hornbustle, and John Hawthorne.

—By Ruth May.



## THE SCHOOLS OF YESTER-YEAR

*By Olive Lobes*

Because the school is such a large part of our life and that of our community, we sought, in carrying out our plan for the "Mariner" to give some idea of what schooling was in former years. We couldn't find a teacher who had actually taught in our M. C. schools in the earliest days, but we were able to find one, Mrs. Wm. Gardner, who had taught in the rural schools near here, and so I asked the volley of questions which usually accompany an interview. First, she replied, in regard to the education of teachers, that they were usually students with perhaps an eighth grade education who were trying to earn their way through High School or college. As to her own education, she received the greater part of it in the school house located in the township of East China, in St. Clair Co., Michigan. From an early age she was taught by her parents at home, and by the time her real school days began in 1855, her age being 10 years, she was able to read in the second reader. Of course, at that time the pupils were not graded at all, but began in one book, and went straight through. This applied to reading, arithmetic, or any other subject they might take up. Seldom were there even two pupils in the same place in the text book, because the progress of the student depended only upon individual ability.

When asked about the school house where she studied, she gave this description: "It was an old building, 24x30, having windows with small lights of glass on the north and south side of the school room, also one outside door on the west end for the entrance of the scholars, and an entry to a small shed where fire-wood was kept. Each side of the room was furnished with a long desk facing the wall, one for the boys and one for the girls. A space of six inches at the top of the desk was allowed for books, slates, pencils, pens, and ink. The sloping part of the desk was nearly two feet wide. A long bench, the length of the desks, was used for a seat, and the pupils had to step over it, studying with their faces toward the walls, or windows. A smaller bench near the teacher's desk was used for the recitations of the pupils. The east end of the room was taken up by a platform six inches above the floor, on which the teacher's desk stood. The "seat of honor" stood near this, and the entire wall space behind the desk was taken up by a blackboard."

The text-books used by scholars in 1860, she explained, were the "U. S. History," "Parker's Rhetorical Reader," "Sill's Grammar," "Davis' Arithmetic," "McNally's Geography," with writing, and spelling books. Particular attention was paid to plain writing and spelling. On the boys' side of the room bookkeeping was taught.

The average attendance in the different localities was approximately twenty-five.

When asked to tell about the amusements and the attitude toward study at that time, she surprised me by telling that their attitude was entirely different then from what it is now. "The children daily told me of the work done for their parents on certain days, and of what they were going to do on the next day. I enjoyed the teaching of these children, who were a pleasure to their parents." That this industrious attitude made a good foundation for future careers was shown by the fact that one student, who became a congressman from Wisconsin, had obtained the fundamentals of the learning which brought success from one of these little schools. Similarly two lawyers, and three physicians who left the school house in East China completed their education in high school and college, but never forgot the "little old school house."



In regard to a teacher's wages, and the age at which they usually received certificates she related the following incidents: "I received my first certificate for teaching early in 1863, at the age of 18 years, and was hired to teach the summer term in the small school in District No. 1 in East China. This school provided for all children of farmers living west of the north limits of the same township. My wages here were one dollar per day with board among the parents of the scholars. Then in the winter of 1863 I taught school two and a half miles below Algonac. The scholars were nearly all grown up, and while I received credit for teaching a satisfactory term of school, I objected to and disliked more than anything else the boarding around. My wages here were two dollars per day. However, even though I received double the wages down there, I still longed to be back home, teaching among people whom I knew."

Although school days of the past were pleasant when she brought them back to mind, she is not one of those who see good only in the past, for she said as she closed, "Reminiscences of past school days prove that our progress must be onward and upward in the future, as improvements are introduced; with the Golden Rule in view, parents or children will not wish to turn backward to the school days of the past."

## MARINE CITY'S "WHO'S WHO"

*By R. P.*

Though Marine is only a small place, it can claim at least several famous people as its residents.

One of the most interesting of these people is Aunt Emily Ward. At an early age she came to Michigan and settled on the St. Clair river in what was then Newport. "Helping school and church in the forest hamlet, nursing the sick, dutiful, helpful, and fearless amid the toils and perils of pioneer life, inspiring all, especially young men, to true and useful efforts, few lives have been so helpful." As Stebbins in his "Upward Steps of Seventy Years" says: "She was 'Aunt Emily' to many from Michigan and others far over the wide land; Grandmother to twenty children and their children (fifty-seven in all), at her home and far distant, all children of her adoption, some of them no kinship in blood. She never married, but her mother's death left her, at ten years old, her good father's friend and comforter, the child-mother of a brother and two younger sisters with a mother-heart that in after years took home their children, and others left orphans, and a loving wisdom that trained them for useful lives and larger responsibilities."

Aunt Emily Ward used to live in the house where Mr. Hanks and Mr. Roach now reside. It was there that she did the greater part of her work. She was also a pioneer of academy education. Her school was what is now the Hose house on Main street. When she taught there it was on the site of the present high school. Many of her scholars have become famous through her untiring efforts. One of the proteges is Theobald Osjen, Mrs. John Baird's uncle. He was United States Senator from Wisconsin for 12 years. It may be interesting to know that Mrs. Ben Armsbury was named after "Aunt Emily."

Eber Ward, Aunt Emily's brother, is another person who helped make Marine. He was a pioneer of industry in this section, building and owning many steam ships which provided transportation for the lake ports.

Another interesting person from Marine is A. Calzerin. Graduating from the Holy Cross School of Music in 1901 at the age of 16 years, he attended the Michigan Conservatory in Harmony, studying the organ and piano. After graduating from that institution he went abroad with his teacher, Mr. Jones, to Berlin, where he made his debut four years later. From that place he toured the continent as



soloist and later came to this country. He then toured the United States and Canada, appearing as soloist with many of the principal orchestras of the country. He also toured the country with the Mozart Opera. He since has been instructor of piano at some of the leading Conservatories in Chicago and New York.

Raye Roberts Platt, a graduate of this high school, is now doing research work for the American Geographic Society in New York City.

Judge Carr of the State Supreme Court, who married a graduate of the Class of 1906, was once Superintendent and Principal of the school here.

Dr. Parker, now one of the most famous oculists of the country, was born here and educated in our schools.

## SAILING

*By Bruce Beattie*

It is known that the majority of people in Marine City make their living by sailing. Therefore, anything pertaining to sailing is of vital interest to the citizens of Marine. This article is not only the result of information gleaned in the usual way, and of questioning various old sailors, but also is from an interview with Captain Harry Lawrence, who sailed on the Great Lakes from the early seventies until about ten years ago.

The first boats that were navigated on the Great Lakes were huge canoes which were paddled by crews of from eight to ten men. Then the French introduced a boat which they called the bateau, which was was a flat-bottomed boat with sharp pointed ends. In 1679 La Salle's Griffin was the first sailing vessel to pass up the St. Clair river. In 1765 there were two sailing vessels traveling between St. Clair and Detroit. The first steamboat to sail up the St. Clair river was the Walk-In-The-Water, which was also the first steamboat to sail on the Great Lakes. She was built at Black Rock, near Buffalo, in 1818.

In the latter part of the 19th century schooners were the most prominent of the boats on the Great Lakes. These schooners were towed through the St. Clair and Detroit rivers by tugs. A tug would tow from one to eight schooners up the river into the lake until they were able to use their own sails. Then they would cast off the tow line and pick up the schooners that were bound down the river. They did not go through the South Channel of the St. Clair river where our boats now go, because there was no cut through which the boats could enter into Lake St. Clair from that channel, as there is now. They went through the North Channel by Algonac, around Point Duchene and then out into Lake St. Clair by the way of the Middle Channel. These tugs had no lights to guide them in the rivers, so they had to drop anchor if the night was too dark. There were very few light-houses at this time. About the only lights there were were those like the one at Fort Gratiot, above Port Huron, to guide the boats to the entrance of the rivers.

The schooners had no heat on board except that which was in the galley. Consequently sailing was rather a cold job in the spring and fall of the year.



It took a schooner three weeks or a month to go from Buffalo to Chicago. They did not sail straight up the lake, but tacked back and forth and then sailed into the port they wanted to go to. There was no way by which they could get on Lake Superior at this time. If a schooner wasn't going to carry a load of coal to Chicago from Buffalo or Dunkirk, the men would put on a load of sand for ballast, and then when the boat was in the vicinity of Chicago they would drop anchor, throw the load of sand off, sail into the harbor and get a load of grain or whatever they were after. The loading and unloading had to be done by hand, as they had no cranes to do it with. The largest of the schooners in the seventies carried about 40,000 bushels of grain. This would be a small amount today.

When copper was discovered south of Lake Superior, the mine owners used sailing vessels for a time to ship the copper. It was soon found that it was necessary to have boats that weren't dependent on the whims of the wind and weather, so the mine owners combined and bought a small steamer, which was named after Samuel Ward, a resident of Newport and the leading shipbuilder of the county at that time. The boat was built in Newport, now Marine City, and the Captain was George Cottrell of this town. As there were no canals at the "Soo" then, the owners hauled the "Samuel Ward" over the portage on slides and rollers, an undertaking which took seven weeks.

Ten years later, in 1855, the first canal at the "Soo" was in the process of being constructed. The canal cost nearly a million dollars, and it took two years to build it. Much of the timber used in the building of this canal was chopped, hewed, and cured here in Newport. It was then loaded on the steamers Marquette and Wyandotte and taken to the "Soo." This part of the work was directed by Samuel Ward. Each lock at the "Soo" was three hundred and fifty feet long.

When the boats neared the locks, they would drop their anchor and lower their yawl boat. The men in these boats would open the gates of the lock. In the case of the sailing vessels, they would pull the schooner into the lock, shut the gate, and then open the gate at the other end. The same process was repeated for the other locks. After the schooner had passed through the locks, she was warped, by using the anchor, out into the lake, until they were far enough to use their sails. This took a great deal of time and labor. Of course, the steamboats of that day went through the locks on their own power, but they, too, had to open and shut the gates themselves.

The common sailor and able seaman received from ten to fifteen dollars a month only. The captains were considered well off if they got from eighty to ninety dollars a month. The able seaman of today gets a hundred and five dollars a month, while the captains get anywhere from three hundred up to six hundred dollars per month.

The first port from which iron ore was shipped was Marquette. The ore was loaded by the use of dump carts and wheel barrows. Other ports on Lake Superior that were opened to navigation in the eighties were Ashland, Two Harbors, and Fort Williams. Captain Lawrence of Marine City took the first load of coal into Fort Williams in 1883 on the Tutonia. The harbor was so shallow that most of the coal had to be lightered ashore.



Steamboats used wood for fuel instead of coal as they do now; consequently there were many wood docks along the rivers. The wood wouldn't last as long as the coal, nor could they carry such a large amount.

Another phase of early sailing on these rivers and lakes pertains to passenger and ferry boats. The first steamboat to carry passengers up the St. Clair river was the Walk-In-The-Water, in the summer of 1819. The first passenger boat to run regularly between Detroit and Desmond (now Port Huron), was the Argo, in 1830. In 1840, Captain Samuel Ward, of Newport, placed the Huron on the river route, with Captain Eber B. Ward, also of Newport, as master of the boat. After this time regular passenger service between Detroit and Port Huron was established.

The ferries which were operated at Newport ran across Belle river instead of St. Clair river. The fares were as follows: six cents for each person; man and horse, nine cents; horse and carriage, one shilling. Louis Chartier received the first license to run a ferry across Belle river in 1823. When the towns on the Canadian shore began to flourish, they began operating ferries across the St. Clair river.

Quite a few strange sights have passed up the St. Clair river of late years—that is, strange to this generation of people. Among these was that of a dead whale which was dragged up the river in 1893. The men who were dragging it stopped back of where the Edison plant now is, and exhibited it for two or three days. The inside of the whale was furnished like a room, and they charged an admission to go down into it. In the same year three ships, exact duplicates of the boats in which Columbus came across the Atlantic, sailed up the river. These same boats, or boats like them, were towed up the river about seven years ago.

Many boats have burned along the river, among them the Str. Wolf, which burned while making her last trip of the season. Two lives were lost. The Gettysburg burned while being repaired at Kenyon's Shipyard. She was rebuilt and used on the ocean by the United States Government during the World War. The Tampa and Aztec, both very old boats, burned to the water's edge at the mouth of Belle river during the past year.

More boats have been built in Marine City than any other town in the county. Samuel Ward, of this town, built the St. Clair, the first of many built at Marine City by the Wards. Among the shipyards were those owned by Morley Brothers and by McLouth. Several ocean boats were built for the United States Government during the war at the McLouth shipyard. Only one steel boat has been built in Marine City, the Oliver H. Perry, a large steel fishing tug being built at the McLouth shipyard about three years ago. Shipbuilding in the county has died out since steel ships are being used instead of the wooden ones.

Sailing today is a pleasure compared with what it was thirty or forty years ago, for the ships were smaller and built of wood, hence they couldn't stand the



storms as well as our freighters of the present time. Neither did they have the lights to guide them, nor the machinery to load and unload them. It took the schooners about three weeks to go from Buffalo to Chicago. Now a freighter will make it in about four days.

Our largest freighters of today carry from 350,000 to 375,000 bushels of grain, which is loaded on in from three to four hours and unloaded in about six hours. There are two different kinds of freighters today, the common freighter and the whaleback, or pig boats, as they are called. These whalebacks have a bow shaped like the nose of a pig, and are just about round so the waves will wash right over them. Then there is one freighter, the William McDougall, which has a bow like the common freighter, but the rest of her is like the whaleback.

The passenger boats of today which operate on the Great Lakes and connecting waters are very fast and have the very best of accommodations. The White Star Line, which has been carrying on the passenger service between Port Huron and Detroit, has sold out, but we are to have a new company operating boats on the same route. The largest of the passenger boats to be made for service on the Great Lakes are the Greater Detroit and the Greater Buffalo, which were built at the Great Lakes Shipyard at Ecorse, just below Detroit. They are over six hundred feet long and have as many staterooms as the Leviathan.

New types of boats and engines are constantly being turned out, so it is impossible to tell what is going to be invented next. Last year Henry Ford turned out two boats, operated entirely by electricity, which can be heard coming a mile away. What will be the next kind of boat that will be as great an improvement over the present type?

## THE FUTURE OF MARINE CITY

*By Reuben Prange*

Much may be said regarding the disadvantages of a small town like Marine City. In fact, too much may be said. But Marine can boast of advantages that are not common to towns of its size.

One of Marine's greatest assets is the beautiful St. Clair river. More ships pass through this strait than through the Panama or Suez Canals. And Marine is a marine town—its men are sailors engaged in the world's greatest movement of commerce. There are shipyards close to the city to take care of the demand for repairs to these great boats.

The river also gives Marine the opportunity of being a resort town of the first class. Every summer the geniality and hospitality of the people attract an increasing number of outsiders to spend their leisure hours in Marine. The fishing, too, is wonderful. No city can boast of a better location for angling than Marine. This has brought many a disciple of Izaak Walton back again and again for just one more successful catch.

Marine has transportation facilities which are not common to towns of like size. It has adequately taken care of the growing need for better streets and better fire protection. It has a pure water supply system.

In this age of speed, of progress, of growth, which has done so much for Detroit, our cosmopolitan city to the south, we shall soon feel the greater influence of the big industries at our very door. Detroit is the most rapidly growing city in the world, thanks to the automobile industry. It is safe to say that within the next decade or two it will have spread out much farther than it has the decade before. Even now Marine is contributing a share of business to the world's greatest auto center. And the fact that the live men of Detroit are trying to make that city the aviation center of the United States will greatly add to this spreading influence.

Detroit is what it is today because the men of that city had vision. And it would profit Marine if its men, too, had vision.

Because of the unfortunate centralization of labor and wealth of the great factories now so common, Henry Ford desires to build many small ones to replace them. Marine is just as good, or better than any other town as the site of such a factory, and it also is a very fine residential city. With the sailors busy only nine months a year, an industry like this would provide for work the remaining time. Wide awake citizens should do their utmost to induce manufacturing interests to come here.

Many people object to making Marine more of a manufacturing center because of the foreigners the change will bring, for we have prided ourselves on the stand we have taken towards the foreigner and negroes and the way that stand has been enforced. But after all, is this not false pride? It is undemocratic and un-American. History shows that the main reason why America has been so progressive is because of its mixed races—because it is the melting pot of the world.



Marine should welcome the foreigners, for it would show that the people are broad-minded, and it may bring forth an era of progress that would not be amiss here.

Marine City has great advantages over other towns of like size, and if the citizens are broad-minded and far sighted enough and have vision to see the possibilities of Marine, we may yet see in the near future a prosperous, progressive and growing city with varied industries and with work for all. Those who call themselves citizens should take for all time the motto, "Boost Marine." Here's to our future!

## PROGRESS OF THE YEAR IN OUR HIGH SCHOOL

(As Seen by One of Our Senior Reporters)

*Boys' Trade School*—In this department, introduced into our school for the first time last September, there are five branches of the tradework offered—namely, masonry, plumbing, carpentry, electricity and wiring, decorating and painting. This course was opened mainly for eighth grade boys, but since this is its first year and others have not had a chance, some in other grades have been included.

Each day one period is spent on one of the trades and one on trade mathematics. This year's course is of an exploratory nature—that is, it is planned to give the boy a chance to get some training in each of the trades, so that he can better decide which one he wishes to go on with. The next year, the work will be more extensive, and he can concentrate on the one he has chosen.

Under supervision of the instructor, the boys have done actual work in our school building, such as plastering, placing of sinks and radiators, making tables and blackboards, electrical wiring, painting, varnishing, etc. At the same time that the sixty boys in the work are getting valuable practical training, they are saving the district about \$550 in doing it.

*Household Economics*—During this year, this department has been conducted to meet the requirements of the Smith-Hughes law. This means that the school will get State aid amounting to \$550 a year, beginning with next year.

This course gives more than just the common "cooking and sewing" instruction; it gives instruction in practical and scientific home management. For example, the pupil is taught millinery, laundering, etc., as well as how to make a dollar go farther, with the expectation that many mistakes can be avoided in the future because of this knowledge and training.

*Library*—The former library, accommodating only five or six readers, has been moved to a much larger, lighter, and better ventilated room. The new library now accommodates about thirty pupils. This, coupled with the fact that new books have been added, making the number of volumes about twenty-five hundred, makes it possible for pupils to do their reference and outside reading work more easily and quickly.

*Science*—The physics room has been changed to the west side of the building, where there is better light, and equipment is more easily accessible. It has also been connected with the chemistry room by a door being cut in the partition, so that both branches of the science work can be carried on at the same time under the supervision of one instructor, thus increasing the efficiency of the department.



*Plans For New Gymnasium*—The Board of Education has practically completed plans for the new \$20,000 gymnasium to be erected where the McLouth Hall now stands. The building will be about sixty-three feet by eighty feet, having a hard-wood floor, basement, and balcony. The balcony will be large enough to seat one hundred and twenty-five people, and the whole building (including balcony) will seat about seven hundred and fifty. A large dining room, kitchen, showers, and lockers are planned for the basement.

Plans for future improvements for the benefit of those who are working for an education will be continued and carried out whenever possible and wise.

—E. G.

## THE ROTARY CLUB

*By Alta Boughner*

(This article was originally an English 12 class assignment. Supt. Greenman had been interviewed by all the students collectively, and material thus gained was written up in the form of an interview, the students pretending they were reporters.)

### SIGNIFICANCE OF ROTARY

The Rotary Club started in 1905, is a national and international organization which is rapidly gaining in popularity. Already there are twenty-eight countries enrolled. The name Rotary was suggested by the fact that the meetings rotated from one place of business to another. The wheel, expressing the rotary idea, was chosen as the symbol of the club.

### PURPOSE

Rotary was organized to promote friendship among the various business men of a community. It aims to better the members, the members' businesses or professions, and also has some influence over their families.

### MEMBERSHIP

Membership is somewhat limited. Only one man in each line of business can join. By this arrangement the spirit of rivalry is eliminated. The cost of belonging is \$40 the first year, and \$20 each year thereafter. Applicants are voted on before admittance to membership. A member must serve his fellow men and must be willing to apply the golden rule to his business.

### MEETINGS EACH WEEK

Rotary usually meets at noon each week, that being the most convenient time for all the members. Sometimes meetings are held at the dinner hour instead of noon, but this is on special occasions. In Marine City the club convenes at the Episcopal Church House, that being centrally located and, therefore, most convenient. Faithful attendance is necessary, and four consecutive absences will drop a member. If one is unable to attend in his own town, he may go to a meeting in another community. The program for the meeting is simple. A short business meeting follows the luncheon, guests are introduced, and the meeting is then turned over to the program committee, who usually provide a speaker.

### FEES AND REGULATIONS

Besides the regular yearly dues, fines are imposed on the members for various offenses. These fines, ranging from ten cents to five or ten dollars, are used for charitable purposes.



## MEMBERS CALLED BY THEIR GIVEN NAMES

It is a requirement of the Club that every member call every other member by his first name, to aid the men in becoming better acquainted. Any Rotarian may also go to any meeting in any city or country. It is a ruling that every guest pay for his own luncheon, thereby encouraging the bringing of guests. Rotary has no constitution or set laws, but there is a Code of Ethics consisting of eleven articles. It does not take part in politics, or in any issue that might cause antagonism.

## ACCOMPLISHMENTS

The Rotary Club is accomplishing many things. Our local club is active in the work of beautifying our city, especially the river frontage. It has a fund that is used for charitable work in the community and helps to look after the crippled children in the county.

## A NEW GYMNASIUM FOR MARINE CITY

Since this article was written, the Rotary Club has by its influence brought to our school and city one of the greatest improvements in years. Some time ago a public spirited citizen, the late Sidney McLouth, gave the use of McLouth Hall for community, school, and athletic purposes. Since it burned in 1921 the need for such a building has been more and more apparent, but it remained for the Rotary, not only to see the need, but to see the way to supply it—hence the new gymnasium.



JACK McKINNEY—"John"

*"He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart."*—Arnold.

Pres. of Sr. Class; Basketball, '24-'25; Hi-Y Pres., '23; Asst. Joke Editor for Mariner; Pres. of Boys' Athletic Association; Chairman of Student Council.

JEAN SCOTT—"Scottie"

*"Hail to thee, blythe spirit."*—Shelley.

Pres. Freshman Year; Cheer Leader (Girls, '25); "The Charm School," '24; S. Y. C.; G. A. A., '22-'25; Asst. Librarian; "College Days"; "All Aboard"; "Keep 'em Smilin'"; Vice-Pres. Sr. Year; Drama Club, '22; Camp Good Time, '23.

ALBERT DANIELS—"Bud"

*"A Knight there was; he loved chivalrye and curteisye."*—Chaucer.

Sec. of Senior Class; Alumni for Mariner; Personnel Editor for Mariner; R. "Y" Group, '22; "The Charm School" (Asst. Business Manager).

FLORENCE McNEILL—"Micky"

*"Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor."*—Shelley.

Treas. of Jr. and Sr. Class; Sec. and Treas. of G. A. A.; Speed ball, '24; Basketball, '25; "The Charm School," '24; "Keep 'em Smilin'," '24; "All Aboard," '23; "A Full House," '25; Pres. of S. Y. C., '24; Chorus, '23-'24; Typing Staff for Mariner.

EDITH G. KESSEL—"Angel"

*"Now awful beauty puts on all its charms."*—Pope.

Holy Cross High, '22-'23; M. C. H. S., '24-'25; "All Aboard," '23; "Keep 'em Smilin'," '24; "College Days," '25; M. C. H. S. Pianist; Typing Staff for Mariner; Chorus.

NELLIE BECKER—"Slats"

*"The voice of duty is the voice of God."*

Pres. of Class, '24; Business manager of Mariner; Debating, '23-'24; Basketball, '22-'25; Capt., Speed Ball, '25; Track, '22; Pres. of G. A. A., '25; S. Y. C., '22-'25; Leader of L. S. Y., '23-'24; Pres. of County Y. W. C. A., '23; "Forum," '23-'24; "The Charm School"; "Rooms to Let."



HELEN SCOTT

*"Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly."*—Milton.

Fresh. "Y," '22; S. Y. C., '23-'25; School band; Chorus, '22-'23; Musical Concert, '23; Alumni Editor; G. A. A.

BRUCE BEATTIE—"Red"

*"Eternal sunshine settles on his head."*—Goldsmith.

Basketball, '24-'25; Football, '22-'24; Track, '24-'25; Baseball, '23-'25; Y. M. C. A. State Conference, '22-'23; Athletic Editor for Mariner; High point winner, Y. M. C. A. Mass Athletics, St. Clair Co., '22-'24.

VALERIE KIRCHNER—"Val"

*"Girl, nimble with thy feet."*—Arnold.

Girls' Athletic Editor for Mariner, '25; Girls' Athletic Association, '24-'25; "All Aboard," '23; "Keep 'em Smilin'," '24; "Musical Concert," '23; S. Y. C., '23; Chorus, '22-'23; "The Charm School," '24.

ALTA BOUGHNER—"Bugs"

*"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."*—Keats.

Wayland High School, '22; Ypsilanti H. S., '23; M. C. H. S., '24-'25; "Keep 'em Smilin'," '24; "The Charm School," '24; Typing Editor for Mariner; Sec. of "S. Y. C.," '24; Girls' Athletic Association, '24-'25.

HELEN LONG—"Pete"

*"She was a Phantom of delight."*—Wordsworth.

Pres. Biology I & II, Sect. of Eng. 5 & 6; Eastern High, '24; "Lend Me Five Shillings."

OLIVE LOBES—"Pickles"

*"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."*—Burns.

Girls' "Y" Group, '21-'25; Sec. and Treas. Class '22-'23; Sec. of Class, '23-'24; Chorus, '21-'22; "Camp Good Time," '22; Mandolin Club, '24; Literary Editor of Mariner.





RUTH MAY—"Rufus"

*"Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough."*

Editor-in-Chief of Mariner; Declamatory Contest, '22-'23; Sec. Drama Society, '21-'23; Representative to Student Council, '22-'23; "The Charm School" (Business and Stage Manager), '24; Speed ball, '23-'24; G. A. A., '23-'24; S. Y. C., '22-'25; Older Girls' Camp Good Time, '22-'23; Pres. of M. C. H. S. Tennis Club, '24.

EVANGELINE GREENMAN—"Van"

*"Music the fiercest grief can charm."—Pope.*

Fresh. and Soph. years at Yale; Jr. and Sr. Years M. C. H. S.; Chorus; Band, '24-'25; Debating, '24-'25; S. Y. C.; Girls' "Y" Camp (summers of '22-'24.)

MYRON LINDNER—"Jake"

*"He was as fresh as is the month of May."—Chaucer.*

Pres., Pioneer "Y" Group, '22-'24; Ann Arbor State Older Boys' Conference, '23; Muskegon State Older Boys' Conference, '24; St. Clair County Older Boys' Conference, '25; "The Charm School," '24; Alumni, "Mariner," '25.

EMMA JOURE—"E. J."

*"There are some sports be painful, and their labor delight in them sets off."—Shakespeare.*

Joke Staff for Mariner; "The Charm School," '24; Musical S. Y. C., '23; G. A. A., '25; "All Aboard," '23; "Keep 'em Smilin'," '24; "A Full House," '25.

FLORENCE STARK—"Flo"

*"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."—Bible.*

Principal's Private Secretary, '24; S. Y. C., '23, '24, '25; M. C. H. S. Orchestra; "The Charm School"; Typist for Mariner; Chorus, '21-'24; Girls' Athletic Association, '24-'25; Musical Concert, '23; Basketball, '24.



REUBEN PRANGE

*"To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human  
thought."*—Tennyson.

Boys' "Wolverine Y Group"; Asst. Editor  
Mariner; Author of Prize Essay—  
"When My Ship Comes In," published  
in the magazine "Success."

TERRENCE L. CONLIN—"Topsy"

*"Much learning doth make thee mad."*—  
Bible.

Cross-Country, '21; Mariner Staff, '24;  
Mariner Staff, '25.

BETTY BOWER—"Boots"

*"That of her smyling was ful simple and  
coy."*—Chaucer.

"Camp Good Time," '23; "All Aboard,"  
'23; "Keep 'em Smilin'," '24; "The  
Charm School," '24; S. Y. C., '22;  
L. W. Y., '23; Chorus, '22-'23.

JULIUS A. ZINKE—"Caesar"

*"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to  
yield."*—Tennyson.

Football, '24; Pres. of Hi-Y, '24; Baseball,  
'21; Debating.

RUSSELL STARK—"Starkie"

*"A man's a man for a' that."*—Burns.

"The Charm School," '24; Hi-Y, '24; Asst.  
Business Mgr. for Mariner; Chorus,  
'22-'24; Musical Concert, '23.

GEORGE E. JOHNSON

*"For sudden the worst turns the best to  
the brave."*—Browning.

Football, '20-'24; Hi-Y, '22-'25; Track, '24;  
Jr. Carnival, '22-'23; Sr. Carnival, '24;  
Chorus, '21-'23; "Mikado," '22; State  
Conference, '24.



## HISTORY OF CLASS OF '25

*Olive Lobes*

### A. 9th Grade, '21-'22.

#### (a) Important personages

1. President—Jean Scott
2. Vice-President—Nellie Becker
3. Secretary and Treasurer—Jack McKinney.
4. Class Advisor—Miss Conrad

#### (b) Important events

1. Party of 9th grade Algebra class, chaperoned by Miss Conrad.

### B. 10th Grade, '22-'23.

#### (a) Important personages

1. President—Carl Jacobi
2. Vice-President—Charlotte Tickner
3. Secretary—Olive Lobes
4. Member of Student Council—Ruth May
5. Class advisors—Mrs. Pierce, Mr. Russell

#### (b) Important events

1. Entertained Juniors by Hallowe'en party at Oddfellow Hall
2. Founding of Student Council
3. Ladies' Home Journal Subscription Contest
4. Decorated M. E. Church for Baccalaureate services

### C.—11th Grade, '23-'24

#### (a) Important personages

1. President—Nellie Becker
2. Vice-President—Gordon Arnold
3. Secretary—Olive Lobes
4. Treasurer—Florence McNeill
5. Class Advisors—Miss Hedrick, Mr. McDonald

#### (b) Important events

1. Thanksgiving program given by our class
2. Party on evening of same day
3. Seniors entertained Juniors by box social
4. "Charm School"—best play in history of H. S.
5. Took Seniors to Tashmoo. June 13—Friday

### D. 12th Grade, '24-'25

#### (a) Important personages

1. President—Jack McKinney
2. Vice-President—Jean Scott
3. Secretary—Albert Daniels
4. Treasurer—Florence McNeill
5. Student Council—Nellie Becker
6. Class Advisor—Miss Hanford

#### (b) Important events

1. Election of officers
2. Signing contract for "Mariner"
3. Photographing of pictures for "Mariner"
4. Selling of "Mariners"
5. Eng. 12 party in Domestic Science Room
6. Trock meet, June 5.
7. Baccalaureate Exercises, 14th of June
8. Commencement Exercises, 17th of June.



## A LAND ALL THEIR OWN

(A New Gulliver)

*By Florence McNeill*

Being of an adventurous nature, I decided to take the opportunity offered me by my father, the captain of the Marysville, to take a dangerous but exciting trip to the South Sea. We set sail from Marine City, May 4, 1935; and our voyage at first was very prosperous.

I shall not stop to trouble the reader with the particulars of our adventure in those seas, but merely state that we were driven hither and thither until we reached a latitude of thirty degrees one-half minute south. By this time twelve of our crew were dead by immoderate labor and bad food.

On the fifth of November a most violent storm came up and compelled the few of us remaining on the ship to take to the life boats. In about half an hour the boat was upset by a sudden flurry from the north. I do not know what became of the men, but concluded that they were lost. For my own part, I swam as fortune directed me, and was pushed forward by wind and tide. About what I imagined to be eight o'clock in the evening, I reached shore, where from exhaustion I fell asleep.

I was awakened by queer noises about me and sharp jerks and tugging at my body. I tried to move, but found myself securely fastened by small chains and thread. I felt a light pressure on my chest and looked upon the smallest human being that I had ever seen, he being not more than six inches tall.

I gave one loud laugh and the whole army that was crowded around me ran back in excitement and great fear. I recognized the leader, or the one who appeared to be the Emperor of the city, as Reuben Prange. He ordered a large cart made for me, and I was brought to the prison. Upon seeing the keeper at the prison, I recognized him as no other than Terrence Conlin.

I soon made known to them that I was extremely hungry, and the Sheriff, Julius Zinke, ordered some of his men to go to Valerie Kirchner's bakery shop and bring me bread, to Myron Lindner's meat shop for meat, and to Helen Long's vineyard for wine.

Russell Stark, the best physician in the country, was called to assist in dressing the wounds which I had received when escaping from the ship.

My clothes were torn and tattered, therefore, Reuben ordered Florence Stark and Betty Bower to make me new garments in their shoppe on Fifth Avenue.

Not being able to speak the language of these strange people, I had two instructors assigned to me, and none other than Ruth May and Olive Lobes appeared to give me my first lesson in their language.

The Emperor, believing that I might have some dangerous weapons concealed upon me, sent Bruce Beattie, the Champion Fighter of the city, to search me for such. The search revealed two pistols, which were sent to Albert Daniels, the blacksmith, to be examined, and reported back to the Emperor if they were dangerous utensils or not. My watch, which was a great wonder to the Emperor and his attendants, was put upon a large dray and brought before the army, or Jack McKinney, the army General, to see what kind of engine or war machine it was.

As I had progressed rapidly in my friendship with the Emperor, he decided to give me an entertainment. I was surprised to see dancing before me on a small white thread Helen Scott and Jean Scott, while Emma Joure played the banjo with Alta Boughner singing to her accompaniment. Edith Kessel, dressed in all the splendor of a court lady, or the Emperor's wife, was enjoying the entertainment with Nellie Becker and Evangeline Greenman as her companions.

Since I am of an adventurous nature, I was not contented to stay on with my past classmates, but wanted to return to my native town, Marine City. After persuading them to build me a boat large enough to send me back home, I returned there. Now you see why I am enabled to tell you all the story of the Seniors of 1925.

## FINAL "EXAM."

*By Ruth May*

"And there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth." Cyclones and tornados drive everything before them. Thunder resounds; lightning flashes; volcanos belch forth their molten fury. The sun is blotted from the face of the heavens. The end of the earth is at hand. Angels with trumpets and swords drive the legions of Lucifer before them down to the abyss, the bottomless pit of destruction.

A little later when the storm has subsided and there is peace, the dread Gatekeeper, an Accountant, summons his messenger Gabriel and bids him usher in the mere mortals, so as to obtain the facts on which to base their life standings. Gabriel, striding the blast, rolled peal after peal from his fiery trumpet, "Ye mortals prepare to render an account of your lives. One by one approach to reveal your past." The Saint looked at the first name on his book, spoke to Gabriel at his right hand, who in obedience sounded on his celestial microphone this: "Jack McKinney."

A little humped-over, weazen-faced, weasel-eyed man hobbled forth.

"Dost thou swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"Er-ah-ye-es, Sir," quaveringly.

"How camest thou here?"

"By drinking cocktails and wood alcohol."

"What was thy profession?"

"A financier of Wall St., second not even to Morgan and Rockefeller."

"Didst thou study faithfully in school, and didst thou ever bluff?"

"Er-ah-ahem—"

"Answer me!"

"I studied two hours a day for my four subjects, and spent the other two in the library with the girls. And about bluffing—that was my regular occupation. Why, I used to go weeks and weeks without looking at my English book, and I only missed two questions on a test over a lesson I hadn't ever studied! I was the prince of bluffers. Why, at College I was so popular, especially with the girls, that I never studied at all!"

"That'll do."

The old man hobbled away chuckling gleefully to himself.

"Betty Bower next."



Up came tripping a little lady with a golden wig, a glass eye, false teeth, a wooden leg, and strange to relate, the reddest of roses on her withered cheeks.

"How camest thou here?"

"On my ninety-first birthday I took part in the Marathon dances, which were then the rage of the elite society in New York and London. True to my past reputation, I won the cup by dancing seven days straight. On the seventh I dropped dead."

"What was thy profession?"

"A trapper of men. I just divorced by tenth husband."

"And didst thou study faithfully in school?"

"I did, and I always had so—ahem—much work to do. In Chemistry after Mr. Boughner had explained a question, I always said, 'That's just what I was saying.'"

"Very well, you may go. Bruce Beattie, next."

Up marched a sturdy, husky Hercules."

"And pray, how camest thou here?"

"I was first baseman on the World's Series, when one of those 'Yankees' swatted the ball straight out first and knocked me 'for a row of chicken coops'."

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"Oh, I studied now and then when I felt like it, just to be on the eligibility list."

"All right. Next, Jean Scott."

A short, stubby, tubby sort of lady walked sedately forward.

"How camest thou here?"

"I fell and broke my neck when acting Sarah Bernhardt's role in 'Mothers of France'. I became a world-famous actress without peer—in beauty equal to Lillian Russell, in dancing to Ruth St. Denis, and in acting to Bernhardt herself! But I could never satisfy myself though I was world-famous."

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"Oh, I was always smart and got my work without studying. The only time I really worked was just before exams, and constant practice made me very proficient in the art of cramming."

"You may go. Next, Albert Daniels."

A young man with pleasant, suave manners came forward.

"How camest thou here?"

"I was planning to be a stenographer, but one summer while I was working in a drug store in Algonac I mixed a prescription for a slight illness I felt. But to my horror I discovered that I had used deadly strychnine. Woe unto me. I was a goner, and passed into my beloved graveyard."

"And didst thou study faithfully?"

"I studied, oh, how I studied, but I was never satisfied with the results. However, I was famous for writing themes with graveyards in them, and later in life I became the founder of the second Graveyard Schol of Poetry."

"Next, Olive Lobes."

In bustled a hearty, robust, matronly old lady.

"How camest thou here?"

"I died a natural death at the ripe old age of eighty-five."

"Thy profession?"

"I was a farmer's wife, and we tilled the rugged and unruly soil. I had twelve sturdy children to bring up into good men and women.

"And didst thou study faithfully?"

"Did I? I studied terribly hard. Trig. and Physics were hard enough, but I was sure Solid Geometry would be the death of me."

"Julius Zinke, next."

A tall person with the face of a "Man with the Hoe"—a Lincoln or a Bolshevik—swaggered forth.

"How camest thou here?"

"I was electrocuted for treason. This was how it happened. I took up law, with doubtful success, when I fell in with some keen-minded but unscrupulous fellow lawyers, who entangled me in a vicious plot of a dastardly, underhand nature. When I awoke to my folly it was too late. My honor was gone, my reputation ruined. All my prospects for professional success were gone. I was ostracized professionally and socially. In my bitterness of heart I adopted socialistic ideas, and due to my eloquent oratory (the result of my high school debating) I was made the leader of the 'world for Bolshevism' movement."

"Did you study faithfully?"

"Not very often. I usually came late for American History, and thus succeeded in escaping the daily bugbear tests."

"Very well, you may go. Next, Helen Scott."

A rather heavy-built, intelligent looking, elderly lady walked slowly forward.

"How camest thou here?"

"Died from over-eating."

"Thy profession?"

"I was professor of languages at Harvard. I had A. B., M. A., Ph. D., L. L. D., 'ad infinitum' after my name."

"Didst thou study hard?"



"I studied most of the time, but it never worried me. I graduated with an Honor Diploma at the age of fourteen."

"Next, Reuben Prange."

In came a stooped-over, large-headed, middle-aged man with an absent-minded look.

"How camest thou here?"

"I was run over by the transcontinental express while I stood absorbed in a review of my latest masterpiece. I was editor of the 'Atlantic Monthly', and had just published my latest book on 'The Modern Age'."

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"I studied hard but recited only when called on and then in a husky voice that couldn't be heard."

"Next, Alta Boughner."

In danced a sprightly spirit.

"How camest thou here?"

"I stabbed myself with my little jewel-handled dagger as a result of a tragic love affair. I was an artists's model, world famous for my Trilby feet, my elfin features, and kitten-like eyes. The idol of the studios, I was rebuffed by the one artist I loved, and sought solace in death."

"Next, Terrence Conlin."

In strutted a freakish-looking man with the earmarks of a poet!

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"No, I was so busy arguing with the teachers that I didn't have time to study."

"How camest thou here?"

"Please, your honor, I was killed in a drunken brawl when trying to get experience first hand (like Jack London) for my last novel, 'The Life of the Underworld.'"

"Next, Evangeline Greenman."

A plain, monkish figure with nervous hands and eyes of molten amber glided in.

"How camest thou here?"

"I, too, died of a broken heart. After years of nerve-racking study, I became a world-famous musician equal to divine Chopin. I had achieved my ambition, but was unhappy. For in my youth I had given up the one real love in my life for my music, and all the adoration of the musical world now could not replace it. I pined slowly away. Each day I grew more emaciated. And waning as the moon, my spirit passed over the Great Divide wafted on the wings of the music from my beloved violin."

"Next, Russell Stark."

A pompous, self-satisfied business man rounded in, prosperity stamped all over his beaming countenance.

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"Oh, I always looked as though I knew all the questions, so the teachers didn't have to call on me."

"How camest thou here?"

"I died of heart disease and was found dead in my bed next morning. I was President of the International Cat-Pajamas Manufacturing Concern, which supplied the world with pajamas for the various cats. From the way people talked about it, one would judge that the cats were sorely in need of pajamas."

"Next, Florence McNeil."

A nurse with the footstep of a ghost rose slowly to view.

"How camest thou here?"

"Well, you see, the people of the United States had succumbed to the jazz craze, the hot-dog craze, and lastly the cross-word puzzle craze. So many people went so crazy in this last epidemic that a Home for the Cross-word Puzzle Insanes was instituted. I was made the head warden. One day one of the inmates, getting plumb disgusted with failing to solve his latest cross-word puzzle, hurled the book at my unsuspecting head. 'Cur-flop'—and that was the end of me."

"Next, Myron Lindner."

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"Oh, once in a while when I felt like it. Once I wrote a poem in a half hour, making so much noise that I drove everybody out of the assembly room."

"How camest thou here?"

"Well, you know, Radio is a great science. It was developing so fast (when I died) that not only were pictures sent by radio but also packages and people. The traffic of the air was so congested that towers at regular intervals were erected, at the topmost part of which were stationed traffic cops. I was one of these. One day when the traffic was heavier than usual, I turned to see two enormous books filled with weighty material—"Twelve Tons" and "American History"—bearing down on me at a terrific speed. I stood powerless, was struck full in the face, and hurled off the platform down to the cruel pavement below."

"Next, Nellie Becker."

A tired, worn-out woman, on whose shoulders the cares of the world rested too heavily, advanced meekly to the front.

"How camest thou here?"



"I was a social leader in the slums of Chicago and head of the World Evangelistic movement—a second Evangeline Booth. A strike and labor riot occurred in Chicago, and the mob was bent on murder. I tried to calm them by reasoning, but the mob broke loose—rushed over me and surged to the capital. And that was the end of me."

"Next, Edith Kessell."

A cooing voice, the grace of a glancing snake, the lure of the Sirens in her eyes. A sophisticated beauty at her best. The idol of the cinema.

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"No, I vamped my way to the hearts of all the men teachers. Really I got my marks on my good looks."

"How camest thou here?"

"I was a movie actress—a second Gloria Swanson. The leading man fell madly in love with me. When I would not listen to his suit, he whipped out an automatic. 'Bang!' and I fell dead in the arms of the director rushing in."

"Next, Florence Stark."

"How camest thou here?"

"I was housekeeper at the Home for the Aged and was such a good cook that I bought the food in cans. I died of ptomaine poisoning, which was better than dying from my own cooking."

"Emma Joure next."

A wild, adventurous, masculine-appearing girl sauntered in with her hands in her pockets.

"Didst thou study faithfully?"

"Oh, I studied once in a while, when I didn't have anything else to do."

"How camest thou here?"

"I was arrested for masquerading as a boy. I broke away and hooked a freight train. It was a very precarious position—hanging on two bars in front and two behind underneath the train. When night came and I was overcome by sleep, my grip slowly relaxed. I slipped and fell, and was crushed flat as a pancake."

"Next, Valerie Kirchner."

In skipped a youthful figure, light of heart but lighter of feet.

"Didst thou study hard?"

"Oh, I always had an answer when called on, whether right or wrong."

"How camest thou here?"

"I was a chorus girl in Ziegfield's Follies and danced on the White Way of Broadway until my feet were raw and bleeding. I had a surgical operation performed to make my ankles double-jointed so as to enable me to toe dance. The physician said the operation would make me the most talented dancer or kill me. It did the latter."

"Next, Ruth May."

In marched a strong figure, the face battered by the elements.

"How camest thou here?"

"I had studied natural history, chemistry, medicine, and psychology at college, and was doing work in the Judge Lindsay's Juvenile court, and had even started my book on "What Is Life?" when I signed up with the British Museum to hunt big game in Africa. Our expedition arrived, and we worked with indifferent success, when one day (it should have been this way—I was taking photographs of the arboreal jungle when a superb lion stalked stealthily up behind, sprang, and dug his fangs into my flesh,—but instead it was this way) I drank of some polluted water, was stricken with the swamp fever, and there under the African sun rotted my life away!"

Thus ended the hearing of the Seniors of 1925. Aged Peter wearily turned the page.



## LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

*By Alta Boughner*

We, the Senior Class of nineteen hundred and twenty-five, of the High School of Marine City, County of St. Clair and State of Michigan, being in poor bodily health due to four years' laboring under the colossal yoke of our struggle for knowledge; being, however, in sound and disposing mind and memory, and being desirous of setting our worldly affairs in order and of disposing of such goods as we have been endowed with, do hereby and to wit make and publish this our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making null and void all wills and testaments heretofore made by us.

First, we do direct that our funeral expenses be paid by contributions from the under classes.

Second, we do bequeath the following items to the following:

We bequeath Bruce Beattie's freckles to Lucille Becker. Bruce has a good supply, and we feel he can add considerably to Lucille's collection, even though they do not match perfectly with her own.

We do devise and bequeath to Sarah Kiddle, Florence McNeill's flock of flaming youths.

To Norma Naden, we bequeath a copy of "American History," written by the noted Russell Stark. This book is full of notes, and we are sure it will help Norma to see the funny side of American History.

It is directed that Jean Scott's renown as a hulu-hulu dancer be given to Eileen Baker. Jean has spent two years training in Hawaii, and has learned all the ins and outs, ups and downs of this popular dance.

Julius Zinke has kindly agreed to pass his musical ability on to Floyd Richlie.

Ruth May's methods of beauty culture we do bestow upon Florence Steele.

Terrence has decided to honor Clark Hill with his ability to talk in class, his persuasive powers, and his whiskers.

To Milton Jacobi, we do devise Olive Lobes' love of study.

We think that Myron Lindner's "Larry Semon Airs" would best become Irving Beattie.

To Helen Bower, we bequeath a copy of Edith Kessell's latest book, entitled "Elements of Bob Curling." This book specializes in the curling of the ultra-boyish bob, and it should be very helpful to Helen.

We devise and bequeath Jack McKinney's extreme stoutness to Eugene Kessell.

Evangeline Greenman's latest volume, "Elements of Snappy Sneezing," is hereby directed to be given to Hayden Hale. Useful information on how to sneeze and do it right will be found in this late edition.

To Millicent Wilkinson, we do devise Emma Joure's incessant giggling.

We bequeath to Iras McKinney, Helen Scott's ability to stay home and study.

We direct that Betty Bower's habit of "burning the midnight gas" be bestowed upon Catherine Miller.

Nellie Becker's remarkable success in working cross-word puzzles we do give to Earl Foster. Earl is highly proficient in this art, and he will now be able to work two a day.

Charles Ackley is the heir to Valerie Kirchner's slenderness.

We do devise and bequeath to Josephine Daly, Helen Long's favorite toy—her "Teddy" bear, knowing, of course, she will have no further need of him after her demise.

We do bequeath Florence Stark's "Secrets of Successful Sewing" to Gerald Schriener, realizing that Gerald's training along that line is sadly deficient.

To David Lester, we do bequeath Reuben Prange's farming ability. We realize this will be valuable to him and will no doubt help him in his duties as "draftsman" at the bank.

One copy of "What to Put in a Graveyard," written by Albert Daniels, the Tombstone King, is hereby given to Gladys Baker. This book makes a fine sequel to West's "American History," and after completing the course most of the Seniors feel that that's where we're headed.

Last, but by no means least, we do bequeath—

To the Juniors, the ability to master that delightful subject, "American History," with the hope that they will have just as many daily tests and exams as we did.

To the Sophomores, the marks that we *should* have received.

To the Freshmen, our athletic ability and our sweet memory.

We do hereby and hereunto appoint William Farrel executor of this our Last Will and Testament, with the understanding that the aforesaid will carry out our wishes to the last sheet, and with this understanding we do hereby affix the "great seal" of the Senior Class of 1925.

*Senior Class of 1925.*

Subscribed to and sworn at before me this thirty-second day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five.

*Nicholas Nickleby, Notary Public.*



## NOCTURNE

*By Terrence Conlin*

*The world is a flood of argent light,  
Which pours from out of a spendthrift sky  
That lavishes silver left and right,  
And laughs when it's asked the reason why.*

*The ivory moon of Dian looks down;  
The coy stars peep from a sheltering cloud;  
The green-coat minstrels all others drown  
In rendering their ringing nocturnes loud.*

*The stream is a smooth road, silver and long;  
The grove is a study of shade and light,  
Ebony, silver, a sketcher's song,  
Sable and argent, a shimmering sight.*

*The ditch pretends it's a grand canal;  
The frost-hued willows hang low and limp;  
And every pool's a Narcissus well,  
Where the amorous moon sighs for the nymph.*

### (L'ENVOI)

*The world is a flood of argent light,  
Which pours from out of a spendthrift sky,  
That lavishes silver left and right,  
And laughs when it's asked the reason why.*





## JUNIORS

President .....	Gladys Baker
Vice-President .....	Irving Beattie
Secretary .....	Millicent Wilkinson
Treasurer .....	William Fritz
Class Advisors .....	Miss Hedrick
	Miss Westgate

Erma Baker  
 Lucille Becker  
 Clifford Cadotte  
 Aldiene Conley  
 Josephine Daly  
 Roscoe Davidson  
 Ellwood Daniels  
 Beatrice Endelman  
 Earl Foster  
 Clark Hill  
 Hayden Hale  
 Viola Hill  
 Robert Holland  
 Melbourne Hustman  
 Milton Jacobi  
 Henry Kersten  
 David Lester

Ralph Lester  
 George Miller  
 Catherine Miller  
 Norma Naden  
 Phyllis Parker  
 Floyd Reichle  
 Cassius Saph  
 Russell Simons  
 Lee Smith  
 Florence Steele  
 Ethel Trerice  
 John Weng  
 Harold Stockburger  
 Mary Frances Haynes  
 Violet Westbrook  
 James Tickner  
 Justin Diem



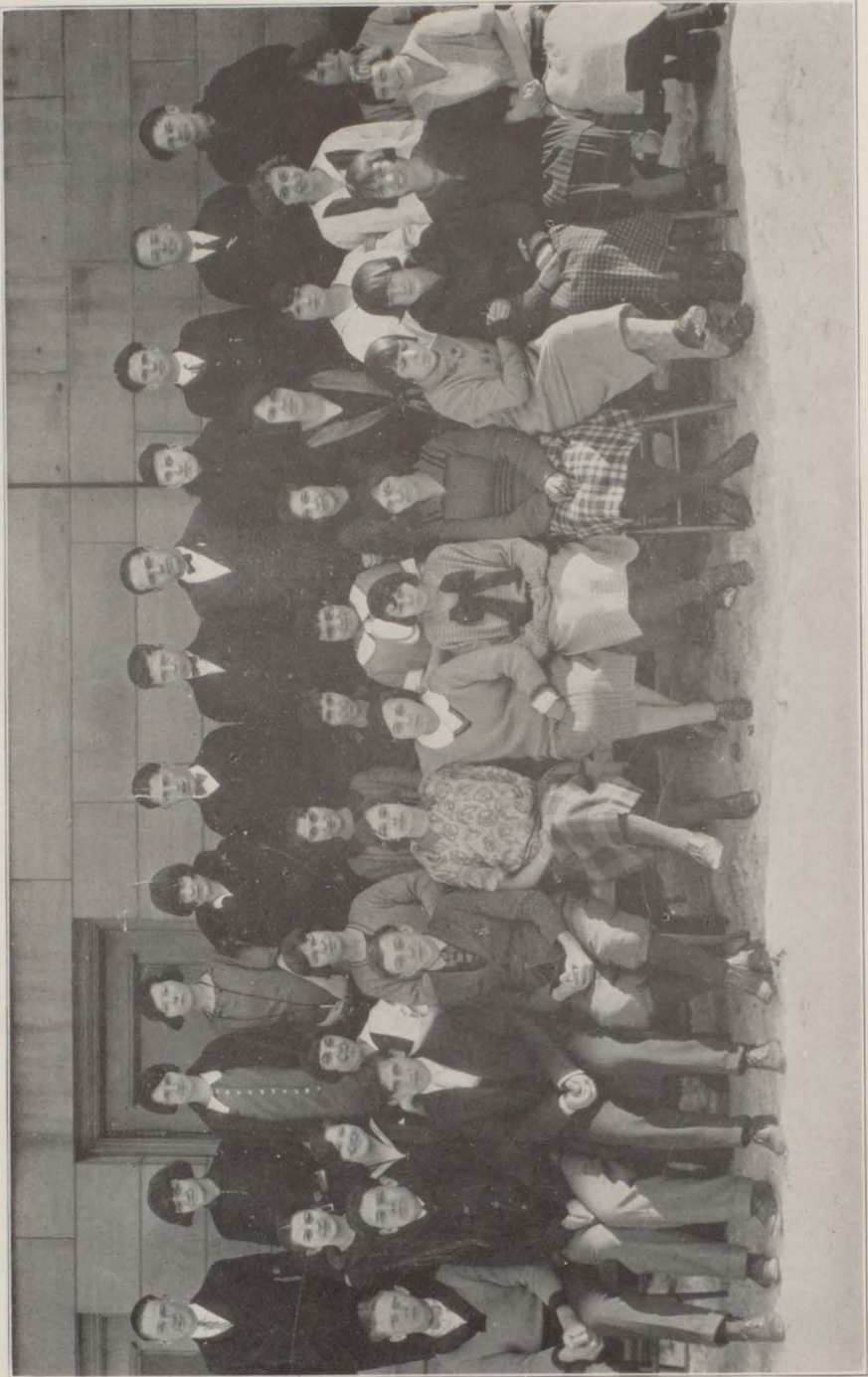


## SOPHOMORES

President .....	Nell Stockey
Vice-President .....	Rollo May
Secretary and Treasurer .....	Iras McKinney
Class Advisors .....	Mrs. St. Clair
	Mr. Russell

Virginia Ackley  
 Eileen Baker  
 Carl Baker  
 Fred May  
 Fred Beebe  
 Rollo May  
 William Tucker  
 Gladys Baker  
 Helen Stomler  
 Mary Cadotte  
 Donald McDonald  
 Leroy Holland  
 Warren Smith  
 Carl Schoaf  
 Eugene Kessell  
 William Joure  
 Margaret Moser

Muriel Mitchell  
 Mary Daly  
 Christine Moser  
 Emma Murphy  
 Leamon Tedder  
 Charlie Kettler  
 Iras McKinney  
 Robert Campbell  
 Nell Stockey  
 Naylor Brabaw  
 Sarah Kiddle  
 Muriel Booth  
 Vernon Smith  
 Kermit Osier  
 William McCrae  
 Hazel Westbrook





## FRESHMEN

President .....	Jack Balfour
Vice-President .....	Helen Bower
Secretary .....	Vernice Riffenburg
Treasurer .....	Reuben Smith
Class Advisors .....	Miss Johnston
	Mr. Bemis

Adeline Baker  
 Jack Balfour  
 Dorothy Beebe  
 Clayton Beattie  
 Katherine Becker  
 Madonna Black  
 Helen Bower  
 Lawrence Boughner  
 Alma Brenner  
 Arletta Case  
 William Christian  
 Madeline Cooper  
 Robert Cottrell  
 Mary Densmore  
 Ethel Dust  
 Evelyn Dupure  
 Herman Fanslow  
 Anna Foster  
 Chester Haynes  
 Stanley Walters  
 Dollie Westbrook

Harriet Williams  
 Charlotte Kelly  
 Anna Kettler  
 Mollie Kiddle  
 Nora Koch  
 Hilda Kersten  
 Russell Lowes  
 Florence Lyons  
 Vernice Riffenburg  
 Bruce Roach  
 Dorothy Sills  
 Kermit Smith  
 Warren Smith  
 Reuben Smith  
 James Smith  
 Leona Thomas  
 Marcia Tickner  
 Norman Welser  
 Bernice Mitchell  
 Lawrence Endres  
 Laura Price



## BASEBALL, '24

We did not have the success in baseball in '24 that we had in '23. Pitching seemed to be the main trouble, although the hitting wasn't as good as that of the year before. But the boys didn't quit trying, even though they did lose every game.

We expect to have a much better team this spring, as we have all but three of the old team left. If a fair pitcher can be found, we should have a winning team. Watch next year's "Mariner" for results.

### Line-Up

P. ....	Carl Jacobi, Raphael Bower
C. ....	Clifford Cadotte
1st B. ....	Elmer Buckler
2nd B. ....	Vernon Smith
3rd B. ....	Milton Jacobi
S. S. ....	Ellwood Daniels
L. F. ....	Bruce Beattie
C. F. ....	Peter Endres
R. F. ....	Lee Smith
Subs .....	Robert Holland, Clayton Beattie

### Schedule

M. C. H. S. ....	3	St. Clair .....	15
M. C. H. S. ....	3	Marysville .....	7
M. C. H. S. ....	10	Algonac .....	11
M. C. H. S. ....	6	Capac .....	14
M. C. H. S. ....	3	Pt. Huron .....	8
M. C. H. S. ....	6	Yale .....	10





## BASKETBALL

The boys did not have as successful a season in the basketball court as in previous years. All of the regular team of last year graduated, therefore Coach Russell had to create an entirely new team. Though they didn't win a majority of their games this season, they ought to be among the leaders of the county next year, for the boys showed a mighty fine spirit in going out to practice every night, even though they won but few games.

We expect to have a new gymnasium to play in next season. This will be a great help to the team, for the one we are playing in now, though we are most grateful for its use, is much too small.

### Line-Up

R. F. ....	David Foster, Robert Holland
L. F. ....	Jack McKinney, Vernon Smith
C. ....	Milton Jacobi, Donald McDonald
R. G. ....	Bruce Beattie, Ellwood Daniels
L. G. ....	George Miller, Clayton Beattie

### Schedule

M. C. H. S. ....	10	Pt. Huron .....	25
M. C. H. S. ....	22	Marysville .....	23
M. C. H. S. ....	24	St. Clair .....	45
M. C. H. S. ....	8	Yale .....	13
M. C. H. S. ....	20	Algonac .....	16
M. C. H. S. ....		St. Clair .....	
M. C. H. S. ....	16	Yale .....	12
M. C. H. S. ....	15	Marysville .....	39
M. C. H. S. ....	19	Algonac .....	16





## FOOTBALL

Though we didn't walk off with the championship of the county, we did make a fairly good record, winning five out of eight games played. Prospects weren't so bright at the beginning of the season, for we had lost the entire line, excepting left end, through graduation. But after our first game our worries were at an end, for we found that we had a very good line.

Milton Jacobi, playing quarterback, was one of the high point scorers in the county, possibly the highest.

The first of the season Coach Russell was having trouble in finding a man who could hold down right tackle. In the game with Pt. Huron he found his man. Julius Zinke, playing his first year of football, was placed at right guard and created havoc among the Pt. Huron boys. Coach Russell then placed him at right tackle the rest of the season, where he could use his talent to a greater advantage.

### Line-Up

R. E. ....	David Foster
L. T. ....	James Tickner
R. G. ....	Eugene Kessell
C. ....	Henry Kersten
L. G. ....	Harold Stockburger
R. T. ....	Julius Zinke
L. E. ....	Bruce Beattie
Q. ....	Milton Jacobi
R. H. ....	E. Dupie
L. H. ....	Clayton Beattie
F. B. ....	Clifford Cadotte
Subs .....	Ellwood Daniels, Kermit Osier, William Tucker

### Schedule

M. C. H. S. ....	0	Pt. Huron .....	20
M. C. H. S. ....	13	St. Clair .....	6
M. C. H. S. ....	0	Algonac .....	16
M. C. H. S. ....	21	Yale .....	6
M. C. H. S. ....	27	Marysville .....	0
M. C. H. S. ....	26	Capac .....	0
M. C. H. S. ....	6	Richmond .....	21
M. C. H. S. ....	6	St. Clair .....	0
M. C. H. S. ....	99	Opponents .....	69

## TRACK

The other schools in St. Clair County had an idea that they would be able to defeat M. C. H. S. in track, as many of our best men had graduated. They were doubly sure when it was found that Carl Jacobi was ineligible to participate in the meet, which was held at Tashmoo, June 6.

The boys of M. C. H. S. had an altogether different view of the subject, and when the smoke of the battle wafted away on the breeze M. C. H. S. was on the top of the heap with thirty-two points.

Milton Jacobi, besides winning first place in three events, established a new record in the running broad jump that will be hard to surpass.

	<i>Place</i>
Milton Jacobi	
100 yd. dash .....	1
220 yd. dash .....	1
Running Broad Jump .....	1
Warner Westrick	
Discus .....	1
Chestly Osier	
Shot Put .....	0
Monty Foster	
High Jump .....	0
880 yd. dash .....	2
Bruce Beattie	
100 yd. dash .....	0
440 yd. dash .....	2
Pole vault .....	3
Javelin .....	0
Shot Put .....	0
Elmer Buckler	
High Jump .....	0
440 yd. dash .....	0
George Johnson	
Javelin .....	0
Marine City Relay team .....	1

After the track events were over, the girls played baseball with St. Clair to decide to whom the county championship should be awarded. At first it looked very much as if the Marine City girls would be defeated, but during the last part of the game the girls all proved their ability to play baseball, and so they also brought home a cup.

Places taken by the girls in the track events:

Standing broad jump—H. Currier .....	1
Standing broad jump—L. Grainger .....	3
Running broad jump—H. Currier .....	2
Running high jump—C. Miller .....	3





## GIRLS' BASEBALL OF 1924

*By Nell Stockey*

The Baseball girls of 1924 had a very successful season, and have every reason to be proud of their team. When Coach Stahmer issued the call for baseball recruits we were rather timid, thinking we had no chance; however, we found good material, and soon had a fairly good team. Then came the grind! We practiced, practiced, doing everything to improve our team. We played regular ball, knocked flies, caught flies, ran bases, and worked out plays. Miss Stahmer gave us everything she knew about baseball, and we tried our best to use the knowledge. We grew discouraged at times—oh, yes—but we always “came out of it,” and by the time the first game was scheduled we were bubbling over with confidence, pep, and good spirits. Our line-up was as follows:

Pitcher .....	Gladys Wenning
Catcher .....	Nell Stockey
First Base .....	Halsetia Currier
Second Base .....	Marie Duchene
Third Base .....	Charlotte Tickner
Right Short .....	Evelyn Dupure
Left Short .....	Helen Westbrook

### Fielders:

Ruth Diem, Mae Horton, Marianna Smith, and Evelyn Sharrow.

As to the games, I have this to say: we played hard, with every girl doing her best; we had co-operation, and a good team spirit; as a result we won every game in the schedule. Because St. Clair also won all their games, we were scheduled to play them at Tashmoo. Oh, what a game! Every girl on both teams was up to par, and each one put in every ounce of energy, so that the game was very close. In the last inning, St. Clair crept up until they were only one point behind us, but the Marine City lassies gave one final spurt of energy and put three girls from St. Clair out in quick succession. This won the County Cup for Marine City, and gave us the name of “Champs.”



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL, '25

*By Nellie Becker*

It's easy enough to be a good sport when you're winning every game, but the real test comes when a team plays a hard, clean game, loses, takes defeat without whimpering, and plays harder the next time. From the score stand-point, victory vs. defeat, this has not been a successful season. However, too often we consider the worth of a team from this standpoint only. It's not so much the winning that counts, as the way a team plays the game.

Working under difficulties our Coach, Miss Cliff, developed a new team, with the exception of two players. With only two of the team leaving, and with a new gymnasium as an incentive in the near future, the M. C. H. S. team should be a winner.

### Line-Up

Ethel Dust .....	Forward
Nellie Becker (Capt.) .....	Forward
Florence McNeill .....	Jumping Center
Nell Stockey .....	Running Center
Muriel Booth .....	Guard
Madeline Cooper .....	Guard
Violet Wesbrook .....	Guard





## DEBATING

*By Irving Beattie*

It is not known when debating started, but it is very probable that the first debate was between Adam and Eve, the subject for debate probably being, "Resolved that apples make good food," and the affirmative team, consisting of Eve, decided the fate of man.

Debating develops concentration, reasoning power, ability to analyze and to express opinions in everyday language. Demosthenes is one of the greatest examples of what good debating has done. In the olden days you could not hire a lawyer to plead your case for you but had to plead your own. Now, Demosthenes stuttered and stammered so that hardly anyone could understand him, but he knew that if he was going to save the lands which he had inherited from his father, he would have to be able to plead his case before the people of Athens, so he went to the seashore and practiced speaking with pebbles in his mouth and tried to make himself heard above the roaring of the waves. He succeeded, he won his case, he had overcome his fault. Centuries later a similar example appeared in the Marine City High School—a student with much of Demosthenes' ability, and also somewhat hampered as he was. Like Demosthenes, he decided to overcome his fault, so he practiced under difficulties. He practiced in the barn with chewing-gum in his mouth and tried to make himself heard above the neighing of the horses and the mooing of the cows. Also, like Demosthenes, he succeeded and at the end of the season was known as one of the best debaters of the squad.

Debating does not mean simple argument alone. It means hour after hour of hard study, concentration, constant practice, and co-operation.

The members of the team this year were very unselfish. For example—one girl decided not to debate the second semester and so gave her material to another member of the team so that he might do the best he could for the good of the school. Another thing that is essential to make a good debating team that Marine City showed this year in all the debates was fair. No matter if we lost or won, we had the satisfaction of knowing that our work was fair and square.

The members of the two teams all deserved their positions, and every last one of them upheld his position to the best of his ability.

#### THE AFFIRMATIVE TEAM

First Speaker—Senior .....Nellie Becker

*She is a pleasant speaker, the kind that wins the audience. Just what is needed as first speaker.*

Second Speaker—Senior .....Ruth May

*If you saw the stack of cards she had you would think that her middle name was Material. Proof is a most essential thing in debating.*

Third Speaker—Junior .....Irving Beattie

*John Alden could speak for himself, but I can't.*

#### THE NEGATIVE TEAM

First Speaker—Senior .....Evangeline Greenman

*A pleasant, debating type, who succeeds in winning over the audience.*

Second Speaker—Senior .....Julius Zinke

*A natural-born orator, who made a good display of his talent on the negative team.*

Third Speaker—Junior .....Irving Beattie

*(See comment above)*

Coach .....Mr. Norris Hanks

An excellent coach whose diligence, fairness, and co-operation were appreciated by everyone on the team, and to whom a great deal of the credit falls for our getting 12 points, which entitled us to enter the elimination contest.

#### Schedule

<i>Affirmative</i>		<i>Negative</i>	
Marine City .....	1	Algonac .....	0
Marine City .....	3	Grosse Pointe .....	2
Algonac .....	1	Marine City .....	2
Algonac .....	0—Forfeit	Marine City .....	3
Mt. Clemens .....	2	Marine City .....	1



## WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

(Published in the October, 1924 number of the Success Magazine)

*By Reuben Prange*

History nowadays is made so fast—yesterday so quickly becomes the text in the school books for study—that one finds it hard to jump aboard the train of reminiscent thoughts without falling under the wheels.

I look over some of the wonderful achievements of the present day—the Round-the-World flight, the Shenandoah, the ZR3—and wonder what it was that kept up the courage of the men who made them and gave them the will to do the tasks which seemed dull and often unavailing.

There's only one explanation which stands all tests—and that is eternal hope.

There seems to be common accord that the greatest of all inventions is the internal combustion chamber of the human breast where hope, ignited by the spark is the wonder of the age! But that same family of steel ribbed cylinders which drives the wheels when combustion is perfectly synchronized and the motor "hits on all six"—or eight or twelve, as you please—is but a rank imitation of that internal combustion chamber of the human breast where hope, ignited by the spark of Divinity, drives man to the end of his earthly experience; and at the finish of the journey, the last whisper is: "When my ship comes in."

That trite old quotation probably more than any other expresses the outstanding characteristic of the human race; back of the very flippancy with which it is used, back of its very banality, lies eternal hope. There is none who does not look for the dawn of his own prosperity, few who are not alert for the main chance. The big winnings and earnings from the operations of unscrupulous traders in human credulity testify to the unquenchable fires of ambition and to the fact that the whole human race has within it the spirit of the prospector. Nor is this faith, this hope, in any wise lacking of full justification.

That justification is the right of every one of us to look expectantly, confidently for "our ship to come in." There is a ship for each of us—there are many ships laden with riches—though not necessarily with happiness. For, after all, happiness must be of our own making. But the ship we look for unceasingly, untiringly, has a cargo of the means wherewith it is much easier to make happiness if rightly used.

To some the ships come while others strain their eyes until the last closing of the lids for just a glimpse of a sail. Many of us, when our ship fails to appear after patient waiting, when we see other fleets come in, poison ourselves with envy and hatred. No one suffers from this half so much as the one who so tinctures his life with these twin intoxicants.

But no ships come in which have not first been sent out. No cargo of value ever found its place in a vessel save it was placed there by industrious, laboring hands. Something for nothing and in a hurry, at that—that's the weakness of many. But load a ship yourself and send it forth, and it will come again to you, bringing your long delayed craft in tow.

And don't be afraid to man your own searching expedition. The ship you seek is yours. You are entitled to its cargo. Go get it. And when you get it, stand on the bridge and enjoy it. It will cost something; don't forget that the good sportsmanship and American courage which have enriched the pages of history have never contemplated the flowery beds of ease.

Abraham Lincoln waited long, though he constantly sent forth cargoes of helpfulness and courage to his fellow beings. When he was a young man he tried for the state legislature of Illinois and was hopelessly defeated. He then tried business—but failed and spent nearly a score of years paying up the debts of a worthless partner. He ran for Congress and was swamped. He tried for a Federal appointment but was turned down pointedly. He became a candidate for the United State Senate and knew another defeat. He tried for the Vice-Presidency of the United States and saw his rival carry off the honor. He entered the lists against Douglas for the Senate, but his bitter adversary was successful. Notwithstanding all this Lincoln's ship did come in—and brought him its great cargo of distinction and service. But the ship did not come from some isle in the far off seas. It was not the only boat afloat.

Our ship encircles the earth of one's own effort and brings back a cargo only in return for the one sent out. It is God's law of compensation, and is as absolute as gravity's law itself.

## MY SHIP

By Julius Zinke

*I sail on the changing sea of life  
Through waters calm and storms of strife,  
In search of life's illusive springs  
And meaning pure and true of things,  
So that my ship may bring it home  
To be inscribed in life's great tome.*

*Oftimes I know not where I go,  
Desire so sways me to and fro  
And drives me on in dark and gloom,  
Where Satan's vortex is my doom,  
Drawing down my boat into the deep,  
To crush my gifts in death-like sleep.*



*But as my ship whirls round and round,  
'Mid the surging whirlpool's roaring sound,  
I bow me down, and to God I pray,  
And the light of faith drives the mist away.*

*My boat, by omnipotent force,  
Is set upon its rightful course,  
To blaze life's sea with celestial light  
And to guide my brothers' boats aright.*

*When to life's end I then have sailed,  
Even though to the world I failed,  
On board my ship I will embark  
On that deep sea of mystery dark,  
To reach that calm, immortal sea,  
And sail on and on eternally.*

## ASPIRATION

*By Reuben Prange*

*I knew 'twas something I could never reach—  
A star which shone too radiantly far;  
And yet, my restlessness I could not teach  
The vanity of crying for that star.*

*Its brilliance burned the night about it black,  
Save where it blazed, a fixed and living spark,  
Which beckoned down a flaming, slender track,  
Like lights at sea, which signal in the dark.*

*Through deeps of cold, unfathomed gloom, I tried  
To master distance to that height sublime;  
"A futile dream, but still I'll go," I cried,  
"As far as halting human feet can climb."*

*And lo, the darkness had a velvet feel,  
A breath of water-pools dragged clean of dross,  
A sanctity of shrines, where mourners kneel,  
To kiss the dream left hanging on a cross.*

*I never reached the goal I sought to gain,  
And still, I think perhaps it may be true,  
I got the best of it: vision through pain,  
And growth through that fine thing I tried to do.*

## WHO'S WHO

(A Junior's Satire on the Seniors)

By Hayden Hale

Of all the Seniors that are alive,  
You can't beat the ones of twenty-five.  
When they pass us, they root the air,  
And hog all the credit, if there's any there.  
They step on our toes, they chew our gum,  
If it wasn't for prohi' they'd be drinking our rum.

One day as I was crossing the hall,  
I happened to take a funny fall.  
All the Seniors laughed till they held their sides,  
To see a Junior taking such strides.  
But I had to pay the bill, you bet!  
I can hear Mr. Greenman's stern voice yet;  
He said that I was the worst of the pack  
And that I always got everything out of whack.

Ah! the Seniors are a worthy lot;  
They can use my pen without making a blot,  
But—when they hand it back to me—  
Holy catfish living in the Dead Sea!  
They borrow our paper when we aren't home,  
Wear out our rubbers, break the teeth from our comb.

In short, their ideas are very advanced,  
But you'd know the reason if some day you chanced  
To see their leader, a wide-awake scout,  
Who finds all the loafers and bawls them out,  
From boiler room to attic away up on the top floor.  
If any fellow's lounging 'round, he'll hang 'round no more,  
For she grabs them by the collar, hauls them to the supreme judge,  
And if the fellow gets too saucy, they make him into fudge.

One day last week when I was alive,  
I took old Henry out for a drive;  
I parked in front of a hardware store.  
When I came out he was Henry no more,  
For some bold Senior going strong,  
Went for a ride and took Henry along.

Oh, well, I wish them luck, I'm sure;  
But some day soon they'll get theirs sure,  
For when they go to college next year,  
Their stubborn pride will break, I fear;  
Now they're Seniors strong and bold,  
But next year they'll be Freshies, left out in the cold!



## IF MOVIES WERE INTRODUCED IN M. C. H. S.

By Jean Scott

"The Danger Line" .....	5
"Flaming Youth" .....	Bruce Beattie
"The Sheik" .....	"Starkey"
"Secrets of the Night" .....	"Who won the game?"
"Hot Water" .....	"Get ready to write"
"Circus Days" .....	Juniors
"The City That Never Sleeps" .....	Muttonville
"Pollyanna" .....	Gladys Baker
"Experience" .....	Miss Hanford
"Paths to Paradise" .....	The walks away from M. C. H.
"The Night Club" .....	Ninth Hour
"None But the Brave" .....	Our Noble Eleven
"Innocence" .....	Helen Scott
"Come Out of the Kitchen" .....	Miss Hubbard
"Wages of Virtue" .....	Exemption from Exams
"Contraband" .....	Gum
"The Thundering Herd" .....	Changing Classes
"The Dawn of a Tomorrow" .....	June, '25
"So Big" .....	Eugene Kessell
"Bright Lights of Broadway" .....	"Pats' "
"The Third Alarm" .....	The Second Gong
"The Navigator" .....	Jack
"The Flirt" .....	Evangeline Greenman
"The Charmer" .....	"Micky"
"45 Minutes From Broadway" .....	Port Huron
"Smilin' Thru" .....	Emma
"Little Lord Fauntleroy" .....	Myron
"The Charm School" .....	M. C. H. S.
"Flower of the North" .....	Olive
"One Exciting Night" .....	The Carnival
"The Covered Wagon" .....	Hayden's "Liz"
"Idle Tongues" .....	The lower hall
"The Tomboy" .....	Florence Stark
"Hunting Trouble" .....	Writing themes
"The Dancers" .....	Valerie and Bunk
"Now or Never" .....	Nellie
"A Live Wire" .....	"Ede"
"The Silent Watcher" .....	Reuben
"The Girl on the Stairs" .....	Alta
"The Reckless Age" .....	Helen Long
"The Man Hunter" .....	Ruth May
"Midnight Blues" .....	Cramming
"Looking Down" .....	Wilson Wonsey
"Hot Stuff" .....	Noon lunch
"Mysterious Mystery" .....	American History "Marks"
"Aggravatin' Kid" .....	"Topsy"
"Fear-Bound" .....	Before Exams
"Dresden China Baby" .....	Betty

## UTOPIA

By Jack McKinney

*Once when walking through the classes,  
These strange sights did meet my eye:  
(It depends which class you are in  
Whether you will laugh or cry.)*

*First I saw the Seventh Graders,  
Who had no desire to learn;  
They just sat there making faces,  
While for recess they did yearn.*

*I went in the Eighth Grade classroom;  
What I saw there made me stare:  
Books and pencils and erasers  
Were seen sailing through the air.*

*The poor teacher tried to stop them,  
But her view they could not see,  
And I hastened from the battle,  
When they threw a book at me.*

*When I visited the Freshmen,  
They sat there so very small,  
That I wondered what they would do,  
When they came to play football.*

*But they very quickly showed me;  
I lay sprawled out on the floor,  
For you see, the second bell rang,  
And I was standing near the door.*

*Then I visited next the Soph'mores.  
They would sigh and sigh some more,  
Just as if they'd like to utter,  
"Oh, but life is such a bore!"*

*Suddenly that bored look vanished.  
Gone for good that look of sorrow,  
For they heard the teacher say,  
"No assignment for to-morrow."*

*Now the Junior class I entered.  
They, the Juniors, so supreme,  
But I really must confess it,  
What I saw there was a scream.*

*There they sat with jaws all gaping,  
Hearing poems of love and tears,  
But their vacant, staring glances  
Told of nought above the ears.*



*Then I stole in on the Seniors,  
Who come last, but not the least,  
The erst-while rulers of this schooldom;  
I, my eyes upon them feast.*

*Listening to Miss Hanford's wisdom,  
Steeped in knowledge, they're so wise  
That the very brightness of them  
Seemed to really hurt my eyes.*

*Later, when I long had pondered,  
I at last made this conclusion:  
That the class of '25  
Is the best without exclusion.*

---

## MARINER JOKES

Helen — "Something is preying on Bruce's mind."  
Albert—"Don't worry. It will die of starvation."

Soph—"I can't keep my mind on my work."  
Junior—"There's a slight breeze. I'll close the window."

Gerald—"But, Miss Hanford, I'm trying — — —"  
Miss Hanford—"Yes, very."

Alta—"What a pity, all handsome men are conceited."  
Russell—"You're wrong. I'm not."

Miss Hubbard—"Remember, the proof of the pudding is in the eating."  
Emma—"Yes, but I'm no test-tube."

Mr. Boughner—"What does 'AS' stand for?"

David—"I've got it on the end of my tongue—"

Mr. Boughner—"Then spit it out! Quick! It's arsenic!"

"Miss Johnson must be awful old," we heard a Sophomore remark. "I heard her say she taught Caesar."

"Do you know Bruce Beattie?"  
"Yeah. He slept next to me in chemistry."

Chet—"If Mr. Greenman doesn't take back what he said, I'll leave school."  
Madonna—"What did he say?"  
Chet—"He said to leave school."

Micky—"Who's the player from Port Huron?"  
Nellie—"Guess it must be Heinz. His number is 57."

David Lester—"Did you know that Bruce Beattie talks in his sleep?"  
Florence—"No, is that so?"  
David—"Yeah; he recited in class this morning."

Miss Hanford—"Who discovered America?"  
Gerald—"Ohio did."  
Miss Hanford—"No, Columbus did."  
Gerald—"Oh, yeah, Columbus was his first name."

Iras—"The dentist told me that I had a large cavity that needed filling."

Mr. Bemis—"Did he recommend any special course of study?"

Ted—"I notice you are not eating much candy lately."

Helen—"No. I've almost got out of the habit since I've been going with you."

Miss Hederick—"When was the revival of learning?"  
Bill Fritz—"Before the last exam."

HERE'S A DEEP ONE!

Jilted One—"Away with women!"

Jilted Two—"I wish I had it."

---

Fair Damsel—"Is there no succor?"

Brave Knight—"Yes, I'm coming."

---

Miss Roberts—"You haven't a date on this library slip. Above all things I desire a date."

Benny—"All right; I'll try to get you one."

---

If all the Sophomores were placed in a line holding hands, they would reach more than a quarter of the way across the St. Clair river. Lots of people are in favor of the scheme.

---

Miss Roberts—"What is the most deadly poison, Earl?"

Earl—"Aviation. One drop will kill you."

---

Emma—"The wedding guest was held first by the Mariner's hand, then by his glittering eye, and then by his tale."

---

Miss Hanford—"Weird enough to raise the hair on your head."

Nellie—"Guess I'll have to try some; my hair's getting thin."

---

Albert (reading his theme in class)—  
"When I read this I picked up my ears."

Miss Hanford—"When did you drop them?"

Miss Hedrick—"The Dutch parliament was called a diet. The Germans had a diet too."

Hank—"Yeah, sauer kraut."

---

Miss Hanford—"Terrence, you are being called on; will you please recite?"

Topsy—"Called on! You mean called down, don't you?"

---

Mr. Boughner—"Find the molecular formula for methave, ethane, Propone, and Butane."

Mary Frances—"How about profane and ptomaine?"

---

Miss Hedrick—"Under taxes we have the luxury tax, income tax, drug tax, inheritance tax—can someone suggest some more?"

Clark Hill—"Carpet tacks!"

---

Mr. Boughner—"There are two kinds of chlorine, one a medicine, and the other a deadly poison."

Bunk—"Kill or cure, eh?"

---

Irving B.—"Did Ruth electrify her audience last night?"

David L.—"Naw, she merely gassed them."

---

Mrs. St. Clair—"For instance, take this sentence, 'Take the cow out of the lot.' What mood?"

Bruce Roach—"The cow."



Florence Stark—"Guess I'll go and get some ice cream."

Nellie (about to begin her debating speech)—"Stick around and you'll get all the 'I screaming' you want."

---

Millicent—"And you flunked your French exam? I can't understand it."

Ellwood—"Neither can I. That's why I flunked."

---

Gladys—"Can you draw maps?"

Clark—"Male or female?"

---

Miss Hanford (reading announcement)  
"The first school party of the year will be held Saturday night at 7:30. Bids may be secured in the lower hall for twenty-five cents each."

Terrence—"What are they bidding for?"

---

Lucille—"You Seniors aren't what you used to be."

Micky—"How's that?"

Lucille—"You were Juniors last year, weren't you?"

---

Floyd R. (explaining a problem)—  
"Well, first I found that the force was equal to sixty feet."

Mr. Boughner—"You don't mean that, do you? Who ever heard of force in feet?"

Hayden Hale—"There's force in feet when you get kicked, isn't there?"

Miss Johnston—"What is Scripture measure?"

(No answer.)

Miss Johnston—"Scripture measure means that what you received was packed in and pressed down to insure good measure."

Olive—"Gee, I'd hate to buy eggs that way."

---

Valerie—"Let's go to the show; we'll get in on our face."

Florence—"Yes, and come out on our ear."

---

Mr. Boughner—"Sour milk is an acid, and if you add  $\text{Na H C O}_3$ , or soda, to it, what is given off?"

David—"Biscuits!"

---

Miss Roberts—"Yes, seeds are economically important. What kinds of seeds are used for food?"

Fred May—"Bird seed."

---

#### THE DOMESTIC TOUCH IN BUSINESS

Gladys Baker—"And when I pay this bill, do I get a recipe?"

---

Jean—"I think the king was a hypocrite, because right after his brother's death he married the widow."

Nellie—"Was that his fault, or the widow's?"

Miss Hanford—"It is usually supposed to be the widow's, is it not?"

---

"End of a Perfect Day"—Ninth hour in Miss Hanford's room.

## EVOLUTION OF A HIGH SCHOOL



1850



1870



1900

MUST IT STOP HERE?



## HISTORY OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

*By Ruth Schoeph:in, '09*

The Marine City High School Alumni first took definite steps toward organization in April, 1902. Before this time several attempts had been made to call such an organization into existence, which, while not successful at the time, deserve mention, since to these "preliminary skirmishes," some credit is doubtless due.

After the first triumph of achievement, however, enthusiasm waned, and for the next two or three years this society was comparatively inactive, until it was rejuvenated with a banquet by the Class of 1904.

Upon this memorable occasion, Sol Foster, who was toast-master, delivered himself of these weighty words, "*Great Scott! The Hall* has been stolen from our new building"; which words, mysterious though they may sound, were thoroughly understood by the initiated ones present.

Then for a period of ten years the Alumni enjoyed prosperity. At the close of each school year a banquet was held, honoring the graduating class. These were most delightful occasions and fostered the spirit of loyalty and friendship. Usually a mid-winter party also was given.

At length, however, for various reasons, the approaching shadow of war, the then ever present bug-bear, H. C. of L., and last but not least, the fact that the increasingly large classes had so swelled the ranks of the Alumni that it was becoming difficult to adequately accommodate them, the banquet, after 1915, was dispensed with, and the association seemed to disintegrate.

But somewhere a spark persisted, and it remained for the Class of 1924 to fan it to a flame by voting all the money in her treasury to the cause. The result was that in the December following their graduation, the Marine City High School Alumni Association was reorganized, and its present members confidently believe that it has a fair and radiant future.

### *Addendum—*

If the revival of the M. C. H. S. Alumni Association is a permanent one, as is hoped, the society should recognize its debt to the Class of '24. Other classes have spent the money they have earned for class memorials in the H. S.—surely a laudable sacrifice—but in so doing they have perpetuated their own names as well as aided the school. On the contrary, the Class of 1924 chose to devote their funds to the re-founding of an association which would, they hoped, keep alive forever the traditions of, and affection for, their loved high school. All honor to them and their spirit of loyalty and sacrifice!

*H.*

## ALUMNI

It has been with great difficulty that we have prepared this list. In some cases it is impossible to give a permanent address. Information in regard to errors and changes of address may be sent to Miss Nellie Quick, Marine City, Michigan, secretary of the Alumni Association. All notifications will be greatly appreciated by THE COMMITTEE.

### CLASS OF 1880

Mrs. Anna Fraser (Anna Huntoon), Negaunee, Michigan. At home.  
Lucinda Spinks\*

### CLASS OF 1883

Mrs. Wm. Beltz (Mary Anderson), 407 S. Washington, Royal Oak, Mich. At home.  
Mrs. A. H. Higbee (Josie Pringle), 46 Gold St., New York City. At home.

### CLASS OF 1884

Mary Antons\*  
Flora Minnie Caswell\*  
Mrs. Henry Russell (Helen Towle)\*

### CLASS OF 1887

Jessie Minnie\*  
Mrs. Wm. Stokes (Minnie Cook)\*

### CLASS OF 1888

Mrs. F. W. McCreary (Hattie Brown), 1198 N. Los Robles Ave., Pasadena, California.  
At home.  
Chas. W. Lucas, 36 W. 44th St., New York City. Attorney.

### CLASS OF 1891

A. O. Hadden, last heard of in California. Stenographer and typist.  
Eugenia Duff\*  
Helen Rochon, Kenwood Apt., Division Ave., S. E., Grand Rapids, Mich. Teacher.  
Helen Robertson, 2432 Taylor, care of F. A. Crittenden, Detroit. Companion.

### CLASS OF 1892

Mrs. A. B. Armsbury (Carrie Hart), 358 S. Main St., Marine City. At home.  
Mrs. H. Justema (Nellie Stone)\*  
Niram Burt Sackett, Box 83, Redford, Mich. Law and Real Estate.  
Fred Weng, 816 Third Ave., Terre Haute, Ind. Latin teacher in college.  
Mrs. O. Smith (Lillian Smith), 2241 W. Euclid, Detroit. Real Estate agent.

### CLASS OF 1893

Mrs. Josie Richmond (Josie Vroman), 2001 Hazel St., Detroit. Teacher.  
Mrs. W. H. Phillips (Agnes Spademan), 613 Lothrop Ave., Detroit. At home.

### CLASS OF 1894

Leonard Hadden, 2807 Conner St., Pt. Huron, Mich. Assembler in Anker-Holth Cream Separator Co.  
Ed. B. Hill, 9695 Dundee, Detroit, Mich. Solicitor.



#### CLASS OF 1895

Mrs. J. R. Parker (Alberta Spinks), 710 Hazelwood, Detroit. At home.  
Mrs. N. Booth (Blanche Westbrook), R. F. D. 3, Marine City. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1896

Geo. S. Roberts, R. F. D. 2, Marine City. Customs officer at Roberts Landing.  
Ruth Carman, 246 N. Main St., Marine City. Bookkeeper.  
William Streit, 32 Moser Place, Mt. Clemens, Mich. Mayor of Mt. Clemens and General Manager of Mt. Clemens Sugar Co.

#### CLASS OF 1897

Mrs. H. Whiting (Harriet Clark), 729 N. Riverside, St. Clair, Mich. At home.  
Mrs. Anna Crevier (Anna Roberts), Algonac, Mich. At home.  
Katherine Young, 3725 Sheridan, Detroit. Head stenographer of Michigan Central.  
Mrs. David Gillis (Amalia Antons), Bustleton Road, Burlington, N. J. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1898

Mrs. J. Mitchell (Nellie Ainsworth)\*  
Mrs. F. Folsom (Margaret Blood), 148 Eason Ave., Highland Park, Mich. At home.  
Mrs. C. C. Stewart (Mattie Miller), 1850 Woodland Ave., Duluth, Minn. At home.  
Mrs. S. Markle (Henrietta Westbrook), 99 Burlingame Ave., Detroit. At home.  
Joseph Miller, 141 S. Main St., Marine City, Mich. Collector of Customs.  
Mrs. John W. Breining (Josephine Peel), 508 S. Market St., Marine City. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1899

Mrs. F. Waterloo (Kathleen Brakeman), Corner 9th and Wall St., Pt. Huron, Mich. At home.  
Anna McDonald, 4340 Lincoln Ave., Detroit. Teacher in Estabrook School.  
Georgiana Tyler, 122 S. Main St., Marine City. School Supervisor in N. Y. City.  
Ida M. Rouvel, 1850 E. 81st St., Cleveland, Ohio. Modiste.  
Mrs. Wm. Bower (Goldie Walker), 124 S. Elizabeth St., Marine City. At home.  
Abba Hill, 49 Highland, Detroit, Mich. Private secretary.  
Arthur Davidson, 358 Woodworth Ave., Marine City. Manager, W. H. Crowley Garage.  
Bert J. Miller, 1703 E. 8th St., Duluth, Minn. Lake pilot.

#### CLASS OF 1900

Mrs. J. C. Miller (Katherine Langell), 141 S. Main St., Marine City. At home.  
Mrs. Edward Lafitte (Clara Miller), 40 Rosemont Ave., Rosemont, Penn. At home.  
Beatrice Jones\*  
Mrs. Ruby Matthews (Ruby Hazen), Mt. Pleasant, Mich. Teacher.

#### CLASS OF 1901

Wm. R. Berger, Hotel Lewis, 5725 Woodward Ave., Detroit. Teaching Eng. at Northwestern High.  
Sol. M. Foster, 215 Pearl St., Marine City. Pharmacist.  
Mrs. Elba Stevenson (Mattie Diem), R. F. D., Richmond, Mich. At home.  
Mrs. C. A. Westerdall (Lucy Arnold), 2685 Elm St., Denver, Col. At home.  
Mrs. P. M. Scott (Susan Matteson), 253 S. William St., Marine City. At home.  
Grace Ward, 1191 Philadelphia W., Detroit. Bookkeeper 14th Branch Dime Saving Bank.  
Mrs. E. W. Hunt (Ethel Jones), 362 Eastlawn, Detroit. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1902

Bruce Baird, 45 McKellar Ave., Mallory Branch, Memphis, Tenn. Lumbering.  
Lee Carter, 93 Henry St., River Rouge, Mich. Carpenter in shipyard.  
David Roberts, Merced, Cal. Office manager, Stone Webster Construction Co.  
Richard Squires\*

Lotta Broadbridge, 1001 E. Jefferson, Detroit. Director of Bryn Afon Camp for Girls in Wisconsin.

Mrs. A. Standart (Martha Decker), 15544 14th St., Detroit. At home.

Mrs. J. Young (Mary Maud Moore)\*

Mrs. R. M. Muir (Mary Roberts)\*

Mrs. G. Rattray (Flora Schriner), 215 S. Marlboro, Detroit. At home.

Mrs. Donald MacDougall (Lettie Scott), 44 Kensington Road, Pleasant Ridge, Detroit. At home.

Mrs. O. Bender (Minnie Stern), 8796 Longworth Ave., Detroit. At home.

Jennie Young, 338 Elizabeth St., Marine City. At home.

Mrs. L. Carter (Jennie Leitch), 93 Henry St., River Rouge, Mich. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1903

Anna Smith, 511 S. Main St., Marine City, Mich. At home.

Mrs. Herbert Martin (Wanda Scott), 2436 W. Philadelphia, Detroit. At home.

A. W. Vallier\*

John Carman, 241 N. Main St., Marine City. Cashier and Vice-President, Marine Savings Bank.

Lee Recor, 522 S. Market St., Marine City. Accountant.

Grace Spinks, 6083 Vermont, Detroit, Mich. Teaching.

Mrs. Allie Walsh (Allie Parker), 106 Grove Ave., Highland Park, Mich. At home.

Bertha Guy, 133 N. Elizabeth, Marine City. City Treasurer.

Mrs. Ethel Haynes (Ethel Holt), 504 Holland St., Marine City. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1904

Mrs. Max Engelhart (Viola Koenig), 247 N. Main St., Marine City. At home.

Mrs. Lee Recor (Bertha Peterson), 522 S. Market St., Marine City. At home.

Mrs. L. W. Kennedy (Manda Wagg), 112 Ivy St., Edgewood Park, Swissvale, Pa. At home.

Easton Broadbridge, 301 Virginia Ave., Mt. Washington, Pittsburgh, Pa., Bookkeeper.

Mrs. Arthur Diem (Bertha Schriner)\*

Essie Currie, Newport 4158, Detroit. Teaching.

Belva Laffrey, 408 Pearl St., Marine City. Teaching—Principal 2nd Ward School.

Mrs. W. W. Hazen (Jennie MacDonald), 13917 State St., Riverdale, Ill. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1905

Argo Foster\*

Edna Lester Gault (Mrs. J. L. Gault), 11650 E. Jefferson Ave. At home.

Cora Lindow, 302 N. Sycamore, Lansing, Mich. State Library.

Sadie Taylor Milot, 157 S. Main St., Marine City, Mich. Bookkeeper.

Pearl Spinks, 6083 Vermont, Detroit. Teacher Public Schools.

Agnes Emig Johnson (Mrs. O. H. Johnson), 405 Manistique, Detroit. At home.

Ruth Shorkey Ehrke (Mrs. B. W. Ehrke), 379 West End Road, South Orange, New Jersey. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1906

Zoah Schnoor Kleiner (Mrs. Wm. E. Kleiner), 9740 Chenlot Ave., Detroit. At home.

Ralph Peterson, 6792 Roosevelt, Detroit. Office work at Ferry's Seed Co.

Hazel Arnold Stewart (Mrs. Byron Stewart), 234 N. Market St., Marine City. At home.

Ralph Emig, 103 Dakota, West, Detroit. Builder.

Boyd Durrant, 1508 Hazelwood Ave., Detroit, Mich. Plumber.

Henry J. Lester, 370 Oberlin, Lorain, Ohio. Marine Engineer.

John Milot\*

Jessie Cottrell Stomler (Mrs. Neil Stomler), R. F. D., Marine City. At home.

Alta Heisner, 184 62nd St., Oakland, California.

Raymond Hill, 1520 Washington St., Redford, Mich.

Arthur Dana, Cleveland, Ohio. Captain on Lake boats.

Archie Parker, Pontiac.

Don Cottrell, 12715 Church Blvd., Strathmoor, Detroit. Architect.

Fauna Blood Hazleton (Mrs. R. Hazleton), 35 Thorp St., Pontiac.

Alice Hubbard, 514 W. 122nd St., New York City. Teacher connected with old Trinity Church.



Charles Kenyon, 257 Ward St., Marine City, Mich. Postman.  
 Mary Gaylord Johnson (Mrs. J. A.), 3625 W. Warren Ave., Detroit. At home.  
 Margaret McDonald Foe, Elizabeth St., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Nellie DeMont—  
 Dora Raymond Vossen (Mrs. J. Vossen), 621 12th St., St. Clair.  
 Edith Thatcher Ray Wales (Mrs. C. L.), 509 East Euclid Ave., Detroit.  
 Hildegard von Brockdorff, 63 Erskine St., Apt. E., Detroit.

#### CLASS OF 1907

Ruth Squires, Marine City. Squires' Drug Store.  
 Ruby Howard McAlpine (Mrs. Roy), 926 Sylvan, Ann Arbor. At home.  
 Frederick Lawrence, 305 Moffat Bldg., Detroit. Real estate.  
 Geo. Starkweather, 347 N. Parker St., Marine City. Mail Carrier.  
 Irene Lindow Carr (Mrs. Leland W. Carr), 416 N. Sycamore Ave., Lansing, Mich.  
 Bernice Carter\*  
 Abba Broadbridge Cooper, 83 Pine St., River Rouge. At home.  
 Pearl Monn Boyle, N. Mary St., Marine City (Mrs. Pearl Boyle).  
 Edith Heisner, 184 62nd St., Oakland, Cal. Insurance.  
 Berthold Lawrence, 219 Lennox Ave., Detroit, Mich. Edison Co.

#### CLASS OF 1908

Carl Smith, Woodworth Ave., Marine City. The H. A. Smith Stores.  
 Bessie Kleihauer Bell, 125 St. Clair St., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 William Stephen Kenyon, 100 Grixdale, Detroit, Mich. Foreman Brass Works.  
 Florence Carman, 524 Riverside Drive, New York. Teacher.  
 Edna MacDonald Walker (Mrs. W. F.), 10 Corporal, Stone St., Bayside, Long Island.  
 George R. Brebner, 4404 Euclid Ave., W., Detroit.  
 Raye Roberts Platt, 561 W. 175th St., Apt. 45, New York City, N. Y.

#### CLASS OF 1909

Edna Burr, 235 Piper Blvd., Detroit. Maxell Station, U. S. Postoffice.  
 Henry Lawrence, care of Squires' Drug Store, Marine City, Mich. Druggist.  
 Mary Shier Roberts—  
 Harry B. Westbrook, 714½ N. New Hampshire, Los Angeles.  
 Verne McLouth Taylor, N. Main Street, Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Ruth Schoephlin, 710 Pine St., Port Huron, Mich. P. H. Public schools, teacher.

#### CLASS OF 1910

Florence Roberts Gordon\*  
 Janette Langell Antons, 365 Woodworth, Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Holmes Cottrell, 1266 Meadowbrook Ave., Detroit. Mechanical Engineer.  
 Elizabeth Baird, 506 S. Main St., Marine City, Mich. Teacher.  
 Robert Kenyon, 428 Pearl St., Marine City, Mich. Machinist.  
 Grace Recor Freese, 6061 Forsythe, Detroit, Mich.

#### CLASS OF 1911

Lucy Quick Moen, Encanto, San Diego Co., Cal. At home.  
 Emma Bridges, 328 N. William Street. Teacher, 2nd Ward School.  
 Milton Zimmermann, 406 N. Main St., Marine City, Mich. Hardware.  
 Helen MacDonald, R. F. D., Marine City. Nurse in Detroit.  
 Ruth McNiff Booth, 124 Pearl St., Marine City, Mich. Manager Mannel's Shoe Store.  
 Aldyth Ingram Campbell, Box 63, Birmingham, Mich.  
 Julius Lawrence, 246 Elizabeth St., Marine City, Mich. Engineer.  
 Ray Scott, 304 S. Main St. Bookkeeping.  
 Carrie Cottrell Schnoor, Marine City, R. F. D. No. 2. At home.  
 Nettie Recor Owen, 643 W. Third St., Erie, Pa. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1912

Lois Black Hunter, 3325 Grand Ave., Detroit, Mich. Adv. Dept., J. L. Hudson.  
 Nell Bell Wagg Warner \* 1925.  
 Carl Schriner\*  
 Helen Fairfield Eskite (Mrs. H.), 652 C. St., North East, Washington, D. C.  
 Nellie Cook Diem, Harsens Island, Algonac, care of Burt Johnson.

Dorothea Fritz, Johnston St., Pontiac, Mich. Teacher.  
Bruce Jones, 3314 Blaine Ave., Detroit. Manager of Recreation Bldg.

#### CLASS OF 1913

Lorinda Zimmerman Proctor\*  
Palmer Lindow, New Orleans.  
Oleda Joure, 522 Washington St., M. C. Chief Operator of Bell Tel. Co.  
Jacqueline Blood, Crystal Springs, Florida.  
Ellis Blagborne, New Fairview Station, Lakewood Ave., Detroit. U. S. Postoffice.

#### CLASS OF 1914

Arthur Becker, Fenton, Mich. Becker Bros. Shoe Business.  
Myra Cottrell Fagan, 444 North Main St., Marine City. At home.  
Marguerite Baird Wonsey, 605 North Main St., Marine City. At home.  
Renata Graves, 3962 2nd Blvd., Apt. 23, Detroit. Teacher at Bishop school.  
Charlotte Ingram Springborn, Broadway, Marine City. At home.  
Grace Marks Carroll, 641 Prentis Ave., Apt. 109, Detroit, Mich. At home.  
Louise Scott Grandy (Mrs. L. R.), 1307 E. Kearsley St., Flint, Mich. At home.  
Elsie Wellhousen Duff, 217 Piper Blvd., Detroit, Mich. At home.  
Fanny Wagg Kelley, Minden City, Mich. At home.  
Mary Scott Taylor, 318 South Elizabeth St., Marine City. At home.  
Marie Weng McCarron, 206 S. Main St., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
Harold Taylor, 318 S. Elizabeth St., Marine City. Bookkeeping.

#### CLASS OF 1915

John Leitch, care of American Club, Ensenada, Porto Rico. Sugar Chemist.  
Mrs. Bentley (Lavenia Cottrell), 944 Woodside, Detroit. At home.  
Ellis Arnold, 4233 Seebaldt, Detroit. Electrical Engineer.  
Mrs. Arthur Turner (Susie Black), 785 Pate Ave., Memphis, Tenn. At home.  
Edward Fritz, R. F. D., Algonac, Mich. Travelling for Goodrich Rubber Co. in Tennessee.  
Frances Kenyon, 128 Bridge St., Marine City. Detroit Edison, clerk.  
Karl Zimmermann, 3756 Glencourt, Detroit. Salesman Gregg Hdwe. Co.  
Rhea Bedford, R. F. D. No. 1, Algonac, Mich. Teacher.  
John Bridges, 330 Water St., Marine City. Jewelry Store.  
Mrs. Clarence Vallier (Pearl McNiff), Caro, Mich. At home.  
Mrs. Oscar Bauer (Melva Generous), 4081 Lillibridge Ave., Detroit. Teacher.  
Lawrence Fritz, Marine City, Mich. U. S. Aviator.  
Leland Utley, Auditor for American Trust Co., Detroit.  
Mrs. J. Wilson (Janet Purser), Marlette, Mich. At home.  
Harold Doyle, 3411 Garland Ave., Detroit. Office manager for F. and L. Phillips, contractors.

#### CLASS OF 1916

Garfield MacDonald, 2168 Lenox, Detroit.  
Louis Miller, 213 N. Main St., Marine City. Dry Goods Merchant.  
Mrs. Harvey Booth (Alma Fennert), 252 N. William St., Marine City. At home.  
Harvey Booth, 252 N. William St., Marine City. Sailor.  
Donald Becker, 4th and Witherall, St. Clair, Mich. Merchant.  
Dorothea Folkerts, 1805 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit. Private secretary at Detroit Edison.  
Nellie Quick, 1015 Hancock, Pt. Huron. Teacher.  
Mrs. Ward Wesbrook (Louella Robertson), 3338 Taylor Ave., Detroit. At home.  
Mrs. L. M. James (Marion Schnoor), 1620 Linwood Blvd., Kansas City, Mo. At home.  
David Baird, 5059 Bewick Ave., Detroit, Mich. Draftsman.  
James Robertson, 260 S. William St. Marine City.  
Ervin Jones, 144 S. William St., Marine City. Attorney.

#### CLASS OF 1917

William Smith, Friederichs & Smith, furniture dealers, St. Clair, Mich.  
Ruth Taylor, 434 Peterboro, Apt. 112, Detroit. Teaches first grade.  
Andrew Brake, 139 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit. Clerk at Ford's.  
Pierce McLouth, 221 N. Main St., Marine City. Manager McLouth estate.  
Mrs. Chas. Starkweather (Olive Wonsey), 98 E. James St., River Rouge, Mich. At home.  
Mrs. Don McKay (Emma Fritz), 4836 Whitfield Ave., Detroit. At home.  
Gladys Nichols Zilch, St. Petersburg, Florida. At home.



Lela Brown, 261 N. Main St., Marine City. Dry Goods Clerk.  
 Anna Lorenzen, 1132 Majestic Bldg., Detroit. Cashier Guardian Life Insurance.  
 Mrs. Clifford Taylor (Alta Berger), 3622 Canton, Detroit. Stenographer.  
 Ivah McDonald, 4847 Concord Ave., Detroit. Stenographer at Pa. Railroad office.  
 Mrs. Harold Tuttle (Madeline Kettler), 234 S. Manistique Ave., Detroit. At home.  
 Roy Wenning, R. F. D., Marine City. Student at M. A. C.  
 Justin Simons, R. F. D. No. 1, Algonac, Mich. Poultry farmer.  
 Mrs. Mann (Alma Hill), 1015 Hancock, Pt. Huron, Mich. Teaching.  
 Mrs. J. Shaw (Alma Weinmann), R. F. D., Marine City. Marine Savings Bank.  
 William Wagg, 644 Belle River Ave., Marine City. Clerk H. A. Smith's, grocer.

#### CLASS OF 1918

Selma Duddy, care of Priscilla Inn, 2619 Cass Ave., Detroit. Packard Motor Co.  
 Helen Graves, 3962 2nd Blvd., Apt. 23, Detroit. Teaching at Cheney School.  
 William Grandchamp, 6742 Burns Ave., Detroit, Mich. Post-office Service.  
 Alta Horton, R. F. D., Marine City. Teacher.  
 Mrs. Fred Blake (Ethel Joure), Detroit City Gas Co., Station A, Detroit.  
 Mrs. Justin Tucker (Myrtle Leitch), 4859 Maxwell Ave., Detroit. At home.  
 Blanche Langell, 75 Worcester Pl., Detroit.  
 Claude MacDonald, 16187 Hamilton, Highland Park, Mich. American State Bank.  
 Mrs. Harold Scott (Margery Mitchell), 8620 Epworth Blvd., Apt. 311, Detroit. At home.  
 Mrs. Paul G. Heidman (Thelma Mitchell), Box 868A, N. W. Station, Detroit. At home.  
 Harold Scott, 8620 Epworth Blvd., Apt. 311, Detroit. Accountant.  
 Werner Sauber, 3368 Cedarbrook Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Office work.  
 Mrs. Don Becker (Minnie Utley), 4th and Witherall, St. Clair, Mich. At home.  
 Frederick Zimmermann, 3756 Glencourt, Detroit. Inspector U. S. Fruit Exchange.  
 Robert Diem, 206 E. Hancock, Detroit. Assistant Pastor, Bethany Church.  
 Mrs. Arnold Schmidt (Lottie Smith), 4062 Richton St., Detroit. At home.  
 Shirley Miller, 213 N. Main St., Marine City. Teacher, 1st Ward.

#### CLASS OF 1919

Mack Diem, 365 N. Elizabeth St., Marine City.  
 Erwin Lorenzen, 341 S. Main St., Marine City.  
 Mrs. Wm. Wynne (Marriette Bell), 201 N. Main St., Marine City. At home.  
 Melvin Holland, 139 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit. U. S. Postoffice.  
 Marion Saph, 442 S. Main St., Marine City. At home.  
 Meredith Lester, Dearborn, Mich. Teaching at Springwells.  
 John Wellhousen, 217 Piper Blvd., Detroit.  
 Irene Taylor, 157 S. Main St., Marine City. Bookkeeper at Shipyard.  
 Elden Jones, 144 S. William St., Marine City.  
 Mrs. O. Eschenburg (Eulalia Kirchner), 250 S. Market St., Marine City. Marine Savings Bank.  
 Meta Baker, Astor Apts., 2800 W. Grand Blvd., Detroit. Teaching at Ferndale.  
 Kenneth Knepper, 43 Broadway, Youngstown, Ohio.  
 Helen Weng, 418 Lenox, Detroit. Office work.  
 Effie Hayter, 222 S. Belle River Ave., Marine City.  
 Edna Schultz, 1966 Seward Ave., Detroit. Stenographer at Industrial Shippers.  
 Frank Cohrs, 340 Belle River Ave., Marine City. Mechanic at Dodge Bros.  
 Mrs. Milton Burns (Sylvia Joure), 225 Market St., Marine City. At home.

#### CLASS OF 1920

Mrs. Carl Layman (Kathleen Kettler), 1911 Ureston, Philadelphia Ave., Apt. 18, Detroit, Mich. At home.  
 Leona Fennert, 244 N. William St., Marine City. H. A. Smith store, P. H.  
 Robert Sealby, 1805 Washtenaw Ave., Ann Arbor. Dent. College, U. of M.  
 Eldred Scott, 141 Gladstone, Detroit, Mich. Detroit Edison Co.  
 Mrs. William Graulich, Jr. (Margaret Cottrell), 184 Snyder St., Apt. 43, Orange, N. J. At home.  
 Edna Baird, Otsego, Michigan. Teacher, Latin and English.  
 Ellsworth Perrin, 112 Ivy St., Edgewood Park, Swissvale, Pa. Carnegie Tech.  
 Spencer Warwick, 32 Benita, Youngstown, Ohio. Architect.  
 Ottolynn Kirchner, 250 S. Market St., Marine City. Secretary to A. J. Scott.  
 Marvel Perrin, 650 Gladstone, Detroit. Michigan Investment Co.



Mrs. N. Cosgrove (Isabelle Phillips), R. F. D., Marine City. At home.  
 Louis Smith, Manager H. A. Smith No. 8 (grocery), Pt. Huron, Mich.  
 Pat McDonald, 536 Thompson, Ann Arbor, Mich. U. of M., Journalism.  
 Mrs. Ray Stapleton (Irene Booth), Corner of Joy Road and Petoskey, Detroit, Lancashire  
 Apts. Stenographer.  
 Marion McCann, 2999 Lyman Pl., Detroit. Telephone office.  
 Arthur Wissman, R. F. D., Marine City, Mich. Senior at M. A. C.  
 Virginia Dewey, 293 E. Willis, Detroit. Stenographer.

#### CLASS OF 1921

Reginald Lang, Senior at U. of M., 1051 Lincoln Ave., Ann Arbor, Mich.  
 Charlotte Armsbury, Senior at Russell Sage College, care of Russell Sage College, Troy,  
 New York.  
 Milda Hunt, 165 S. Gratiot, Mt. Clemens, Mich., Teacher at Mt. Clemens School.  
 Florence Rawlings, 248 Chartier St., Marine City, Mich. Teacher, 3rd Ward.  
 George Zimmermann, 2107 Washtenaw St., Ann Arbor, Mich. Senior at U. of M.  
 Janice Beauchamp\*  
 Wanda Force Scupholm, 1408 Washington St., Port Huron, Mich. At home.  
 Helen Jones, Themian House, East Lansing, Mich. Senior at M. A. C.  
 Clarence Kersten, 536 Thompson St., Ann Arbor, Mich. Senior at U. of M.  
 Carrie Lozon, R. F. D. No. 2, Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Agnes Lozon, R. F. D. No. 2, Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Edna Fritz, R. F. D., Algonac, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Lucille Joure, N. Main St., Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Harold Basney, Farmington, Mich. Druggist.  
 Clark Bean, 2734 Columbus Ave., Detroit, Mich. Traveling Salesman.  
 Mildred Denney, 124 S. Belle River Ave., Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Harry Foster, Olivet, Mich. Senior at Olivet.  
 Harriet Grandy Welser, S. Mary St., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Kenneth MacDonald, 708 Hoffman Bldg., Detroit. Jr. partner Det. Sales Service, work in  
 Det. Col. of Law.  
 Mabel Wood, Water St., Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Howard Wood, 4623 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Office work.

#### CLASS OF 1922

Adeline Foster, 5555 Whitfield Ave., Detroit, Mich. Teacher at Springwells.  
 Frederick Holmes, 224 S. Main St., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Payne Saph, Hotel Fairbairn, Room 554, Detroit, Mich. Freshman at Det. College of Law.  
 Elmer Kersten, 233 N. William St., Marine City, Mich. Shoe Clerk.  
 Florence Wonsey, 322 S. Elizabeth St., Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Norene Bushaw, 621 Church St., Ann Arbor, Mich. Junior at U. of M.  
 Margaret McKinney, 144 S. Elizabeth St., Marine City, Mich.  
 Florence Weng, Nurses' Dormitory, University Hospital, Ann Arbor.  
 3rd year at U. of M.  
 Rowena Joure, 5555 Whitfield Ave., Detroit, Mich. Teacher at Springwells.  
 Marion Burrows, 816 Tappan Road, Ann Arbor, Mich. 3rd year at U. of M.  
 Donald Ackley, Star and Crescent, LaFayette, Ind.  
 Henry Miller, 2708 Brooklyn Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Edna Wissman, R. F. D., Marine City, Mich. Teacher in R. F. D. school.  
 Leota Saph, 347 S. William St., Marine City. Stenographer.  
 Jack Perrin, 757 Campbell Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Alma Horton, R. R., Marine City, Mich.  
 Marie Baker, 2343 Leslie Ave., Detroit, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Theodore Young, River Road, Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Doris Morse, Lowell, Mich. Eng. and Science, H. S.  
 Eleanor Smith, Betsey Barber House, Ann Arbor, Mich. Junior at U. of M.  
 Laura MacRae, R. F. D., Marine City, Mich. Teacher in Pearl Beach.  
 Walter Barkey, Biddle St., Wyandotte, Mich.  
 George Crow, 314 Ingalls St., Ann Arbor, Mich. U. of M., Dentistry.  
 Violet Shaw Watling, 708 Montclair Ave., Detroit, Mich. At home.  
 Ruby Bedford, 1221 Stanley Ave., Detroit, Mich. Collection Clerk.  
 Charles Holland, 204 N. Market St., Marine City, Mich. Druggist.  
 Mildred Arnold Miller, 2708 Brooklyn Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Helen Joure, 522 Washington St., Marine City, Mich. Telephone Operator.



#### CLASS OF 1923

Katharine Bower Roberts, 9601 Thomas Ave., Detroit, Mich. At home.  
 Katharine Vallier Baker, 8810 Louis Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Leda Shaw Fast, 505 Albert Ave., East Lansing, Mich.  
 Milton Hunt, 6307 Maxwell Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Harry Ingram, 6307 Maxwell Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Sarah Bean, 2734 Columbus Ave., Detroit, Mich. Det. Teachers' College.  
 Thelma Long, East Hall, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Mich. Sophomore at Hillsdale College.  
 Hazen Langell, 251 Third St., Marine City, Mich.  
 Bernice Stark, 617 Westminster St., Marine City, Mich. Teacher.  
 Pearl Warner, R. F. D., Algonac, Mich.  
 Mildred Hetherington, 341 N. Main St., Marine City, Mich. Music.  
 Volney Jones, Box 162, Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburg, Pa.  
 Aubrey Kirchner, 250 Market St., Marine City, Mich. May's Meat Market.  
 Easton Kirchner, 250 Market St., Marine City, Mich. Grocery Clerk.  
 Roy Stark, 4800 Holcomb Ave., Detroit, Mich. Clerk at Dime Savings Bank.  
 Hazel Folkerts, 436 W. Walnut St., Kalamazoo, Mich.  
 Walter Baird, 1008 Jackson St., Albion, Mich. Sophomore at Albion College.  
 Anna Laura Baird, 518 Crowell St., Albion, Mich. Sophomore at Albion College.  
 L. Z. Mitchell, 132 Madison Ave., Detroit, Mich. Linotype operator.  
 Arthur Zimmermann, 2107 Washtenaw St., Ann Arbor, Mich. So Sophomore at U. of M.  
 Bernice McDonald, 18 South Division, Ann Arbor, Mich. U. of M.  
 Fern Smith, Lexington Apts., Woodward and Ferry, Detroit, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Edith Hopson, 223 Normal St., Ypsilanti, Mich. Ypsilanti College.  
 Leona Saph, 443 Main St., Marine City. At home.  
 Joe Miller, 111 S. Ingalls St., Ann Arbor, Mich. Sophomore at U. of M.  
 Aleda Peterson, 1064 River Road, St. Clair, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Beulah Tedder, Broadway, Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Everett Thomas, 410 Water St., Marine City, Mich. May's Meat Market.  
 Harold Bulgrin, R. F. D., Marine City, Mich.  
 Jack Dickinson, Pontiac, Mich.  
 Calvin Diem, 406 Bruce St., Marine City, Mich.  
 Norma Mitchell, 444 S. Market St., Marine City, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Clayton Parker, 3826 W. Warren Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Katharine Warwick, 216 Pearl St., Marine City, Mich. Bookkeeper.  
 Violet Ouellette, 324 Marine St., Marine City, Mich. Port Huron Junior College.

#### CLASS OF 1924

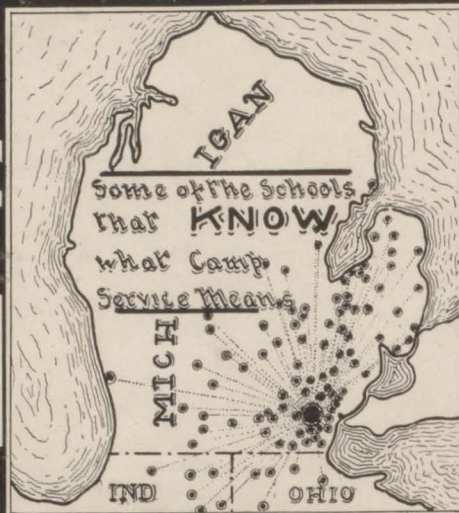
Leona Ames, 322 William St., Marine City, Mich. Sec. to Supt. of M. C. H. S.  
 Agnes Basney, 154 Market St., Marine City, Mich. Grocery clerk.  
 Chestly Osier, 757 Campbell Ave., Detroit, Mich.  
 Elmer Buckler, Robertson St., Marine City, Mich. Machinist.  
 Dorothy McCausland, McLaughlin Hall, care of Harper Hospital, Detroit, Mich.  
 Marianna Smith, McLaughlin Hall, care of Harper Hospital, Detroit, Mich.  
 Blanche Tucker, W. Blvd., Marine City, Mich. Grocery clerk.  
 Bertha Lobes, 900 Seward Ave., Detroit, Mich. Teachers' College.  
 Raphael Bowers, 124 Elizabeth St., Marine City, Mich.  
 Warner Westrick, 517 West Larned St., Detroit, Mich., care of Ohio Chemical Co.  
 Florence Westbrook, 223 Normal St., Ypsilanti, Mich. Freshman in College.  
 Ralph Westbrook, R. F. D., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Frederick Becker, 325 S. Main St., Marine City, Mich.  
 Ruth Diem, 406 Bruce St., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Grace Smith, 437 Bruce St., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
 Eugenia Dewey, 222 Continental, Detroit, Mich.  
 Charles Moran, 134 St. Clair St., Marine City, Mich. Post Graduate Course at M. C. H. S.  
 Eleanor Schuett, 415 Adaline St., Detroit, Mich. Stenographer.  
 Gladys Stark, 415 Union St., Marine City, Mich. Bookkeeper.  
 Clara Booth, R. F. D. No. 2, St. Clair, Mich. Teacher.  
 Freeda Cody, 615 Pearl St., Ypsilanti, Mich. Freshman at Ypsilanti Normal.  
 Halcetia Currier, 415 Olive St., Ypsilanti, Mich. Freshman at Ypsilanti Normal.  
 Peter Endres, R. F. D., Marine City, Mich. At home.  
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